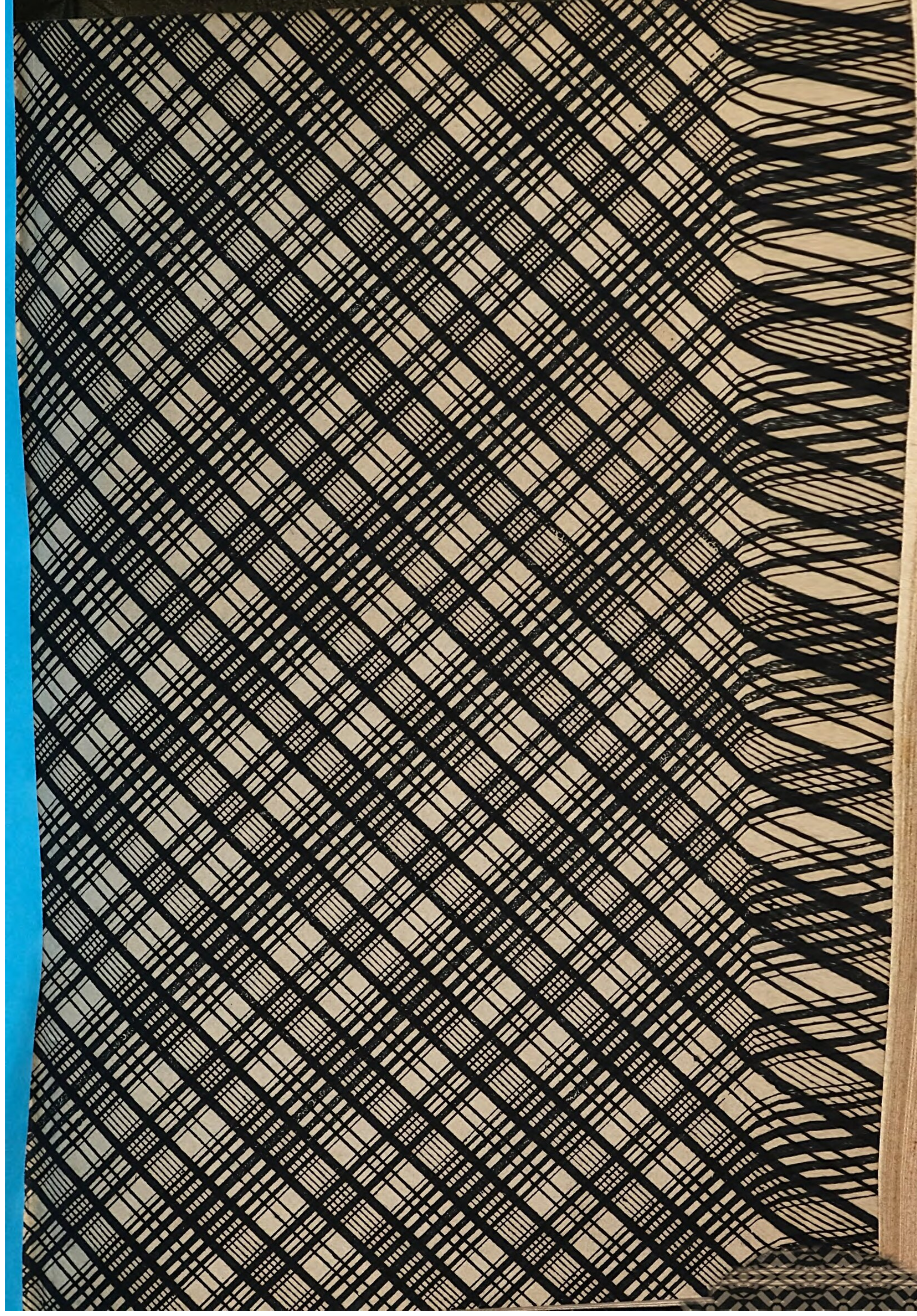








Contents of Vol. 3.

1. Who Wants a Guinea? 1805.
2. We Fly by Night. 1806. (Dumtine)
3. The Battle of Fleescham. 1808.
4. The Surrender of Calais. 1808.
5. The Fleir at Law. 1808.
6. Blue Devils. 1808.

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1

WHO WANTS A GUINEA?

A COMEDY,

IN

FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORM'D AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

FIRST ACTED APRIL 18, 1805.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

Est enim difficilis cura rerum alienarum; quamquam Terentianus ille
Chremes "humani nihil à se alienum putat." CICERO.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;

By R. Taylor and Co., 38, Shoe-Lane, Fleet-Street.

1805.

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1805.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. T. DIBDIN.

SPOKEN BY MR. BRUNTON.

OF all the taxes Custom's power has made,
To lay on *ventures* on dramatick *trade*,
None is more duly paid, nor *less* of *use*,
Than what each night, like this, must still produce :
I mean the Prologue : and, 'tis surely hard,
When *awful expectation* holds the *Bard* ;
When *you*, all anxious for the coming Play,
Think moments *minutes*, half an hour a *day* :
Up goes the curtain, on some gemman stalks,
Of Candour, Merit, and Indulgence talks ;
Begs you'll forgive the Poet's frequent sins :
You clap, *he* goes, and so the Play begins :
Which, whether doom'd to lose, or win the day,
Owes nothing to Sir *Prologue*, but *delay*.

That I may not resemble those who *walk*
The self-same road 'gainst which they like to *talk*,
I shall be brief—to tell there is no need
How much the Author wishes to succeed ;
Therefore I shall not aid his present cause
By precedents, gone by, of your applause ;
Nor does it suit my humour to remind
His friends, how very often they've been kind.

If you were truly pleas'd with what you saw,
He, to your just award, was *Heir at Law* ;
No *Inkle* he, your *hands* to *sell* or *buy*,
Fair Play's the only *Ways and Means* he'll try ;
And though, *Poor Gentleman*, his heart's quite full,
He asks no *undue* favour from *John Bull*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Torrent</i>	Messrs. MUNDEN.
<i>Heartly</i>	CHAPMAN.
<i>Hogmore</i>	WADDY.
<i>Solomon Gundy</i>	FAWCETT.
<i>Barford (or Delamere)</i>	KEMBLE.
<i>Jonathan Oldskirt</i>	SIMMONS.
<i>Sir Larry Mac Murragh</i>	LEWIS.
<i>Andrew Bang</i>	EMERY.
<i>Carrydot</i>	DAVENPORT.
<i>Henry</i>	C. KEMBLE.
<i>A Boy</i>	Master HORREBOW.

WOMEN.

<i>Fanny</i>	Mrs. GIBBS.
<i>Mrs. Glastonbury</i>	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
<i>Amy</i>	Miss WADDY.

SCENE.—Yorkshire, near the Coast.

WHO WANTS A GUINEA?

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Heartly's House. Heartly and Hogmore seated at a Table—Hogmore smoking—A jug of Ale at his elbow.*

HEARTLY.

YES; an hour after midnight, the flames had consum'd two thirds of our adjoining village.

Hogm. Very bad fire last night, to be sure, Mr. Heartly.

Heart. Think, then, on the destitute situation of its inhabitants.

Hogm. They're in a pretty pickle, I warrant 'em. My service to you (*drinks*).

Heart. Come, come, Mr. Hogmore, Providence has bless'd you with abundance; and you must assist me in my poor endeavours to succour our rustick neighbours. The wealthy of this land forbid the drops of disappointment to fall from Labour's eye, and rust the ploughshare. Industry is the source of our country's riches; and English policy would teach opulence to dry the peasant's tear, if English justice and generosity did not continually prevent its flowing.

Hogm. (*smoking.*) Plaguy good tobacco this of yours, Mr. Heartly.

Heart. I am glad you like it. But the poor cottagers' calamity—I am sure, Mr. Hogmore, you feel for them deeply.

Hogm. Monstrous deep, for certain. How much a pound for this tobacco, Mr. Heartly?

Heart. 'Tis a present from a friend in London. Now, as you are wealthy, Mr. Hogmore, I trust you will co-operate with me (whose means are circumscrib'd) to alleviate their miseries.

Hogm. (taking the pipe from his mouth, and looking at it.) These are nice pipes, rabbit me if they ar'n't! You have every thing mighty snug about you, here, neighbour Heartly.

Heart. But to the point in question.

Hogm. Well, well—I pity the poor devils—I do indeed. I look'd out of my window last night, just at eleven o'clock—Here's to you (takes the jug.)—I was going to bed—Rabbit me, Suke, says I, to my wife, what a blaze! (drinks.) Now, I say that ale sha'n't be bad—So I shut the window, and Suke and I bundled in.

Heart. You did?

Hogm. Aye: for, as I live a quarter of a mile off, you know, we were all safe, and had nothing to hinder us from going to sleep, as usual. But you are nearer to 'em;—I warrant me you was in a fine pheese about your moveables! What was you doing about that time, neighbour Heartly?

Heart. At the time you were shutting your window?

Hogm. Aye.

Heart. I was then, neighbour, opening my door—to give every relief in my power to the sufferers; and, just as you were “bundling in,” as you call it, at your home, I was inviting them to bundle in at mine.

Hogm. (sulkily.) Perhaps, Mr. Heartly, I may be as charitable as you, though I can't speechify.—I don't want feeling. I pay the poor's-rates, punctually.

Heart. That, Mr. Hogmore, is rather a feeling of the legislature; which enacts, in some cases, lest feeling should not prompt.

Hogm. Englishmen don't want to be rous'd to feeling, master Heartly.

Heart. I never knew a nation more sensibly alive to it: but here and there, neighbour, an individual may nod; and our laws, vigilant in the cause of general good, search every corner where charity happens to slumber; then, giving her a jog, whisper to her to get up for the welfare of the community.—But, surely,

Mr. Hogmore, you will contribute to the relief of these sufferers?

Hogm. Not a souse—I've a wife and family.

Heart. That is the very reason why you should not refuse.

Hogm. How do you make out that?

Heart. Because a husband and father can best judge of *their* anguish, whose wives and children are starving around them.

Hogm. So, then, I must strip my fireside, to warm theirs?

Heart. By no means. Our firesides are, naturally, our first care :but you are affluent—a rich man's superfluities are often a poor man's redemption; and you cannot conceive, neighbour, how much more cheerfully the faggot would crackle on your hearth, if you sent its fellow to save a family from perishing.

Hogm. 'Tis my opinion there has been fire enough in the village, already. However, there is a great man coming down among us, who is to smother us all with guineas. He has bought the manor, they say, and the old mansion; and the park—all the estate; but, for all that, he may turn out, at last, as arrant a——

Heart. Softly—Mr. Torrent is my friend.

Hogm. Then, let Mr. Torrent, if that's his name, take care of his tenants. For my part, I know the duties of humanity, without a lesson. As to the tender feelings of a father and a husband, my family shall never want good clothes, food, or physic; and I say it without boasting. As to good will to my neighbours, I never wrong'd a man of a brass farthing.—In short, I pay my bills punctual—I do the upright thing—I've finish'd your ale, and I wish you a good morning. [Exit.

Heart. This fellow, now, has obtain'd respect in his neighbourhood by a dry performance of duty to every body, without a grain of feeling for any body. How I detest your worldly moral man, who is just as ho-

nest as the law directs, and just as kind to his family as decency requires! He paces through the proprieties of life as a bear moves a minuet; and is an upright brute, of good carriage, and decorum: but surely, surely, ere Society establish'd rules, Nature traced her precepts upon the yielding tablet of the human heart, and, with a glowing hand, she wrote on it—"Compassion."

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Now, Solomon Gundy, how are they going on in the village?

Solomon. The conflagellation has been dreadful—all smother and rubbish. 'Tis the greatest calamity to our hamlet since my father was schoolmaster.

Heart. Don't get on the old subject, now. We'll wave the schoolmaster, till we have more leisure.

Solomon. *De toot mong cure*:—though 'twas under him I made all my deficiency in the English tongue, before I went to France, and learnt to *parly voo*.

Heart. Well, well, your father has been dead these eleven years.

Solomon. Dead as Malbrook. He's *more*, as the French say; which, in English, means he is *no* more. So, peace to his remainders!

Heart. Now, tell me of the cottagers.

Solomon. Most of 'em ruin'd, and nothing to turn their hands to.

Heart. Poor fellows!

Solomon. Ay; all poor indigenous pheasants. Thanks to industry, I've better luck. I snatch'd the board from over my door, when I was burnt out, and ran off with it, under my arm. Here it is (*reads it*). "Rats and gentlemen catch'd and waited on; and all other jobs perform'd by Solomon Gundy."

Heart. You have still a livelihood, Solomon.

Solomon. Edication, and travel, fit a man for any thing, and make him a *jolly garsoon*. You'd hardly think it, but, at fourteen years old, I could read.

Heart. You don't say so?

Solomon. Fact, upon my *patrole*; and any sum in arithmetick, that didn't demand addition, subtraction, or multiplication, I look'd upon as a *petty kick shose*.

Heart. Why, you are a perfect prodigy of genius.

Solomon. I believe I have pick'd up a little; and the Captain of the cutter, on our coast, that traded in brandy, taking me to Dunkirk, for six months, perhaps has given me a *jenny see quaw*, to which the commonality seldom perspire.

Heart. Who was that captain, Solomon?

Solomon. Quite the gentleman—an *Ellygong*, as the French say; and felt such a sympathy against vulgar custom-house officers, he'd have no dealings with 'em; so he always smuggled.

Heart. But I hope no lives are lost among our neighbours?

Solomon. Not a christian soul, except the old village bull, and a porker. Their loss is to be implored, though they are but quadripeds. But a number of accidents.—Jacob Grull, the hump-back'd taxman, jump'd out of his cock-loft, into the water-tub, poor reform'd creature! If we hadn't heard him bawling "Fire!" he'd have been drown'd. And fat Mrs. Doubletun, scrambling down a ladder, in her husband's short-frock, to the farm-yard, was so peck'd at by the cock-turkey, she won't be able to *assayez voo*, for a fortnight.

Heart. These calamities are not very serious; but a number of buildings are, doubtless, destroy'd.

Solomon. All down but the house of deception for travellers, and the contagious brick messages beyond it. We work'd hard to save 'em; labour'd like gal-lypot slaves.

Heart. I will do all in my power to be of service, in the general calamity.

Solomon. We know that. You are full of *amour*

proper for your neighbours, as we say at Dunkirk. Nobody doubts the malevolence of your heart.

Heart. An hour hence I shall be among you in the village.

Solomon. An hour! Then your *amee*, who has been overturn'd, will be put out of patience.

Heart. A friend of mine overturn'd in the village!

Solomon. Plump into the horse-pond—shot from a chaise, out at elbows, with four posters. Don't be frighten'd; he fell too much in the mud to be hurt.

Heart. You're sure he's safe?

Solomon. As his most sanguinary friend could wish.

Heart. What's his name?

Solomon. Can't tell. He's at the Spread Eagle. The carriage broke into twenty *morso's*. I help'd to drag it. No coachmaker by, I offer'd to impair it. The great man was daub'd, and look'd like a hog. No servant with him, I scrap'd him. He read my board as I was rubbing him down. Wanted to send you a *billy*—no messenger at hand—I've brought it. He gave me a guinea, I call'd him an angel; he bid me run like a devil; I told him I would; so I have, and there's the contentions (*gives a letter*).

Heart. (*reading the letter.*) "Dear Heartly, I have
" just *tumbled* into my estate. Let none of the vil-
" lagers know who I am till I get to my house. I
" hate fuss—Don't say I am a rich man. Come to
" me at the alehouse.

" JOHN TORRENT."

He arrives just in time to assist his tenants in distress; but I dread his impetuosity, and carelessness of discrimination. Ever in haste to make people happy, he defeats his own purpose. His heart runs away with his head, and he often produces most harm when he shews most benevolence. I'll wait on the gentleman, Solomon, directly.

Solomon. That's just what I should like to do myself. Speak a good word for me to him, your honour. *Pauvre Solomon Gundy*, just burnt out;—kills vermin, and dresses gentlemen. I know he'll attend to your imprecations.

Heart. There's no hurry—he'll stay in the neighbourhood some time.

Solomon. Will he? Take a *chateau*, perhaps. I'm up to every thing about a house.

Heart. Well, well, follow me, and we'll see what can be done for you.

Solomon. Thank your honour. I'm very graceful. If I am but burnt into a good place, after all, this fire will turn out as fine a *few de joy* of misfortune to me, as could possibly happen. I follow your honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Village Inn.* TORRENT discover'd; AMY is attending him.

Torr. And so your name is Amy, and you are daughter to the Spread Eagle?

Amy. Yes, your honour. We are in a sad pickle, to be sure.

Torr. Aye, aye: all owing to the fire, as you say.

Amy. Yes, your honour. It broke out unawares; but we hope you'll excuse it (*curtsying*).

Torr. It carries its own apology. Whereabouts did it begin?

Amy. It began about ten o'clock, your honour.

Torr. Umph! In what part of the village, my dear?

Amy. Oh!—At the corner of the—but you're a stranger—it was as you go by the—but, perhaps, your honour knows the horsepond.

Torr. Very well:—I've just come out of it.

Amy. There's a power of mischief done; and all in a moment, as one may say. Lord knows, when I

was stepping into bed, last night, I little thought that ruination was just a-coming!

Torr. Like enough. Ruination, my dear, often comes when giddy girls, like you, least think about it.

Amy. But what a thing if it had happen'd to our house, now my poor father's bed-ridden!

Torr. What! bed-ridden!—Poor fellow! Is he a good father to you?

Amy. The best in Christendom. He's the kindest neighbour, and the kindest parent—But we have had a power of misfortune, and he's nigh broken down in the world.

Torr. I'm glad of that.

Amy. Glad?—Dear!

Torr. Here's an honest man, up to his ears in misfortune, and I'm his landlord! Come, that's charming! I have something to begin with. You take in the weekly paper, you said?

Amy. Yes, your honour.

Torr. Fetch it me. (*Amy is going.*) And, hark ye—your father is *very* poor, and *very* sick, you say?

Amy. Very, indeed!

Torr. Then, mind; if he recovers this bout,—I'll do for him.

Amy. Do for my father! Bless us!

Torr. If I don't, hang me!

Amy. Why, sure, you—

Torr. Go, and get me the paper.

Amy. Dear! what a strange old gentleman!

[*Exit.*

Torr. This fire is delightful! It has destroy'd two thirds of my poor tenants' houses. Huzza! I shall have the pleasure of building them up again. They shall be as merry as the day is long. Their dirty village shall rise in splendour, like a phoenix out of a crow's nest; the hod and trowel shall catch their tears; and I'll block up all their grief with brick and mortar.

Re-enter AMY (with the paper).

Oh! the Newspaper. Is the messenger come back from Mr. Heartly?

Amy. Not yet, your honour.

Torr. Damn it! how slow he is!

Amy. Slow! There's not a cuterer young man in the village than Solomon Gundy.

Torr. How the devil do you—Oho! I smoke—a sweetheart of yours, I perceive.

Amy. He, he! Yes, your honour;—but, don't you tell; for, till he gets twenty pounds, to set us a-going, 'tis a secret to every body but father, and the rest of our village. *[Exit.*

Torr. Twenty pounds!—He shall have—No, damn it, I won't marry people rashly neither; for they may hate me for it, afterwards, as long as they live. I was apprehensive, when I left London, that I had acquir'd an overgrown fortune there to little purpose; for I see no good in getting an overgrown one, but to make those around us happy. It would have been an irksome thing to me, now I have left the bustle of business, to have found every body's happiness ready made to my hands;—but, thank heaven, my tenants are as miserable as their best well-wisher can desire!

(He sits down to read the newspaper, with his back turn'd to the door, through which Enters BARFORD, without observing TORRENT, and throws a small bundle on the table.)

Barford. Rest there, my whole property!—the remains of many a wreck, rest there!

Torr. (starting up.) Eh! Zounds! Wreck! He looks like a gentleman. Pray, Sir, how came the wreck of all your property to be tied up in such a cursed small pocket-handkerchief?

Barf. By what right, Sir, do you inquire?

Torr. By the right that lugg'd me out of the horse-pond—the right of running to any man's assistance who seems to be stuck in the mud.

Barf. (*turning from him.*) Pshaw! Sir, you are obtrusive.

Torr. Why, it was rather rude to be reading the newspaper in my own room, when you chose to walk in, and interrupt me.

Barf. This is the parlour of a village inn, Sir; where 'tis the custom to huddle people together indiscriminately. 'Tis an emblem of the world: men mingle in it from necessity, as we do now, till they part in dislike, as we may do presently.

Torr. We seem to bid fair for it; for I detest misanthropy.

Barf. 'Tis the opium to our affections; an antidote to the drivelling unwillingness dotards feel to be swept from hypocrites who have profess'd to regard them.

Torr. Opium—and antidote!—You've dealt with a damn'd bad apothecary. Hatred to mankind is Lucifer's own laudanum; and, whenever he coaxes a christian to swallow it, he sends one of his imps to shake the bottle. All men hypocrites! Zounds! here's a doctrine! So, then, love, and friendship, and—

Barf. Love, and friendship, are, at best, Life's fading roses; but reject the roses, and you escape many a thorn.

Torr. How should you like to lose your legs?

Barf. Why my legs, Sir?

Torr. They are part of the fading blessings of life, like love and friendship; but you may have the gout. Reject your legs, and you escape many a twinge in your great toe.

Barf. I have suffer'd deprivations enough already, Sir.

Torr. I give you joy of them; for, according to

your own account, they must make you very comfortable. But you have deprived yourself of that, which your worst enemy's malice should never have taken from you.

Barf. What is it?

Torr. Universal benevolence: the chain of reason in which we all, willingly, bind ourselves. Nature gave us the links, and civiliz'd humanity has polish'd them.

Barf. And how often are the links of Reason and Nature broken by sophistry and art!

Torr. I'm sorry for it. I know there are rascals; but the world is good in the lump; and I love all human kind; kings, lords, commons, duchesses, tallow-chandlers, dairy-maids, Indian chiefs, ambassadors, washerwomen, and tinkers. They have all their claims upon my regard, in their different stations; and, whatever you may think, hang me if I don't believe there are honest attorneys!

Barf. You *have* been fortunate in the world, I perceive.

Torr. I have been fortunate enough in my temper to keep the milk of human kindness from curdling.

Barf. By having no acids squeezed into it.

Torr. Plenty: who hasn't? But, when you were put out to nurse, curse me if I don't think you sucked a lemon! You have a fine field to fatten in, upon others' calamities here. Only look out (*pointing to the window*). Pretty havock from the fire! There's a house, now, that would just suit you. It sticks up by itself, gloomy and gutted, in the midst of the rubbish.

Barf. That *was* my residence, Sir: my refuge, as I hoped, during the remainder of my life, from ingratitude and treachery.

Torr. Did—did—did you live in that house?

Barf. Eight months ago, I enter'd its door, to take possession of an humble lodging; and last night, I leap'd with difficulty, amidst the flames, through its window.

Torr. Out at—that window?

Barf. Yes; with that wreck of property, on which you have been pleas'd so much to question me.

Torr. My dear Sir, you are an unfortunate man; I have behav'd like a brute, and I beg your pardon. (*Seizing his hand.*)

Barf. I feel no anger, Sir. (*coldly.*)

Torr. Dam' it, then, you despise me. I know you must, for I have treated you cruelly; but, as you have taken offence at all the world, don't think me too contemptible to be left out of the number. Pray, be angry with me, then shew me you forgive me by telling me how to serve you—I happen to be rich.

Barf. And I happen to be poor; but I will always be independent, and will accept no favours.

Torr. That's right: but I have taken a house in the neighbourhood—Dine with me every day. That will only be doing me a favour, you know,

Enter AMY.

Amy. Here's a letter for you, Sir. (*to Barford.*)

Bar. To me! Who should write to me?

Amy. 'Tis from the parson of next parish.

[*Gives the letter, and Exit.*

(*Barford opens the letter, and reads to himself.*)

Torr. (*while Barford is reading*) Independent! That's the proud lie of a decay'd gentleman—It sometimes gives truth the ear-ache;—but it always gives pity the heart-ache,—and, to prove that I don't believe you (*going to the table*) here goes my pocket-book into your bundle! There! (*stuffs it in*) You are, now, a hundred and fifty pounds nearer to independence than you imagine.

Bar. (*folding up the letter.*) This bears the semblance of kindness, and 'tis from a clergyman. His profession commands respect. I will wait upon him, and decline his offer.

Torr. (*hastily*) What is it? (*checks himself*) I beg pardon; but I——

Bar. His house, Sir, if you must know, in my calamity.

Torr. That's right—don't take it—cut the Parson, and come to me.

Bar. I fix in no residence, Sir, which I cannot call my own.

Torr. Well, you may call mine your own;—and bring the parson with you:—I like that parson.

Bar. Excuse me; (*takes his bundle from the table*) but, before I leave you, Sir, one word, which, I think, I owe you.

Torr. I won't take back a shil—I mean, you don't owe me a syllable.

Bar. Pardon me, and I must pay it. Your impulses, apparently, proceed from benevolence; but your impetuosity may render you an offence to the sensitive, and a dupe to the designing. Farewell, Sir.
[*Exit.*]

Torr. That advice is a little too late to a man at fifty.. My impulses are like old radishes; they have stuck so long in the soil, that, whenever they are drawn out, they are sure to be hot.

Enter HEARTLY.

Ah! Heartly! my dear old friend! give me your hand! I hav'n't shaken it these ten years. I'm so glad to see you, that I—Well, and—Zounds! my heart's so full, that I had better hold my tongue.

Heart. Moderate yourself! I need not tell you how happy I am to see you.

Torr. Well, old schoolfellow! I've closed all accounts of business at last: but we have a deal to think about:—The estate, and the tenants, and the fire, and all that. We must go to work directly, old Franky!

Heart. (*smiling*) I thought you had done with business.

Torr. Pshaw! this isn't London business. That is a constant fatigue. This is country bustle; that keeps the mind from stagnation.—But, dam' it, how well you look!

Heart. And you wear well, my friend.

Torr. No, no; city smoke and a counting-house;—but, with your air, in a fortnight, I shall get as fat, and as red about the gills, as a cramm'd turkey. By the bye, did you meet any body, as you were coming in, with a bundle under his arm?

Heart. You mean Mr. Barford.

Torr. That's his name, is it? What is he?

Heart. Nobody can tell. I fancy he has serv'd in the army. He avoids the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and is a mystery to the villagers.

Torr. He seems a strange fellow.

Heart. You have convers'd with him, then?

Torr. Yes—He appears to be a gentleman; but, I'm afraid he's poor.

Heart. I hope you gave him no hint of such a fear.

Torr. Why, yes, I did—One or two, plump to his face.

Heart. Which, no doubt, offended him.

Torr. Yes; and so I dropp'd the rest behind his back.

Heart. Oh! I begin to perceive.—And, how were they dropp'd?

Torr. Pshaw!—Why—into his bundle, if you must know.

Heart. To no small amount, probably: and, without investigating his character.

Torr. I hadn't time.—He was in want—I may never see him again; and, in such a case, 'tis better to take our chance for a knave, lest caution should let honesty go away unsuccour'd.

Heart. Here you may have chanced right; for I fancy he only affects misanthropy.

Torr. I fancy so, too.

Heart. I have many reasons to think so; and one of the strongest is, his only having that small bundle with him.

Torr. How so?

Heart. He relinquish'd the material part of his property, to save his landlord's infant son.

Torr. Zounds! Then his landlord is a rascal. Not run the first to his own child, when the house was on fire!

Heart. My dear, impetuous friend! a father, who was, three days ago, struck with a palsy, occasion'd, perhaps, from grief for his wife's recent death, finds some difficulty in running, even to his child. This was the landlord's case, Barford knew it, when the house was burning beneath him.—He rush'd to the poor cottage-garret, clasp'd the sleeping baby under one arm, and, with the poor bundle (which you saw) under the other, leap'd to the ground.

Torr. And where's his landlord?

Heart. Barford recollected him, as soon as he had placed the child in safety. A ladder was at hand; he ascended it to a room, from which the smoke was rolling in columns; he dragg'd the father through the flames, and seated him by his boy! But this man professes misanthropy.

Torr. He lies! he lies! God bless him! he lies! I'll run after him, and stop him from going to the parson. (*Running out.*)

Heart. (*detaining him*) Stay, stay; he is not leaving the neighbourhood. He has a bed here, I find—and you have enough to do, besides.

Torr. Why, that's true: the man of the house is sick—a good fellow;—and I must think of Amy, who is in love with Solomon Gundy.

Heart. (*laughing*) Ha! ha! ha! These are minor considerations, when you have the distress of a whole

village to remedy : but, for Solomon Gundy, I must be an advocate.

Torr. Do *you* recommend him?

Heart. He is an industrious fellow, and a proper object.

Torr. I know him ; he's burnt out—I read his board. He's a rat-catcher--I'll make him my valet de chambre, directly.

Heart. Softly :—What may your present household consist of?

Torr. Why, some I shall find, as you wrote me word, on the spot. Two footmen I sent on before me to the house, to avoid fuss. A cook was pack'd off a week ago. A housekeeper I expect every hour. That's all for the present.

Heart. Who recommended the housekeeper to you?

Torr. Her distresses.

Heart. So! I hope she is a steady, methodical woman. I think, my good friend, you will want one of that description.

Torr. Why, distress generally makes people think; and when 'tis accompanied by virtue, it should never want a place in a rich English family.

Heart. What is her age?

Torr. Nineteen.

Heart. Rather young for a steady housekeeper! What threw her in your way?

Torr. An advertisement in the Newspaper.

Heart. I see—"To the affluent, who can feel."

Torr. Pshaw! dam' it, now you are sneering at me. If you had read it, it would have broken your heart! I've never seen her, but my agent in town tells me she's a good girl, and as handsome as an angel.

Heart. I wish you joy. A handsome housekeeper of eighteen will give you *eclat* in the county.

Torr. Pooh! nonsense! How can you be such a blockhead! You know I'm too old for—Pshaw! and

as to my character, I don't care a button for the rural backbiters.—Come, let's go up to the house to dinner.

Heart. Why didn't you go there first?

Torr. To avoid the cursed parade of an entrance upon an estate. I hate to be huzza'd like a return'd member, or the man in armour, at lord mayor's show. Walk with me up the hill, and let me slink into my splendour. But, first, we'll call Solomon Gundy. Solomon!

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Solomon Gundy, can you keep a secret till you get to the top of a hill?

Solomon. A secret is a sacred deposition, and I never revulge.

Torr. Then I'm going to live on the hill, that overlooks the village.

Solomon. The Manor-house!

Torr. Yes; 'tis mine, and you shall be my servant.

Solomon. Shall I? Then, damn my board, when I've got such a lodging!—(*throws the board away.*)

Torr. Go out, just three paces before me. You sha'n't talk to Amy. I know you love her; and I'll never trust a man with a secret, out of my sight, when there's a woman in the case. The moment you get to the house, you shall have a horse, to ride for a doctor, to visit the sick Spread Eagle; then, if your cursed jabber should raise a clamour, by calling the neighbourhood about my ears, dam'me if I won't order my cook to baste you. Come along, Heartly.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A cross Road.**Enter OLDSKIRT and FANNY.**Oldskirt.*

WELL, I hadn't been out of the bills of mortality since I set up shop; and now we're in Yorkshire, a hundred and seventy miles from Whitechapel. This cross lane is as boggy as Tothill Fields, and as rough as Cranbourne Alley pull'd up for new paving.

Fanny. We cannot be far from Mr. Torrent's now.

Oldsk. Far! We've waddled a good three miles of bad way, since we left the stage at the corner of the high road. Miss Fanny, ar'n't you monstratiously tired?

Fanny. Not in the least.

Oldsk. I'd carry the bundle for you myself; only, ten to one, I shall tumble and daub it.

Fanny. Indeed, I want no assistance; and the ploughman, we just met, says it is but half a mile further to the Manor-house.

Oldsk. At any rate I'm glad we're out of the coach. Six inside—two squalling children in lap, and a pointer as big as a hog. At every jolt, the sleepy quack doctor plump'd his fat head smack in the pit of my stomach; and, when I popp'd my mouth out o' window to fetch breath, the long-legg'd Scotchman on the roof gave me a kick in the jaws with his heels.

Fanny. But, my dear Sir, I—I have a favour to ask.

Oldsk. A favour?

Fanny. Consider, I am going to Mr. Torrent's in a humble situation.

Oldsk. Aye—as housekeeper. You ought to have a palace of your own. If fortune isn't quite blind, I wish, for your sake, she'd send for some eye-water.

Fanny. As it is, let me persuade you not to appear with me at the house.

Oldsk. What?

Fanny. I only mean, not immediately.

Oldsk. Oh, ho! I smell a rat! What, then, Miss Fanny, you're beginning to feel asham'd of Jonathan Oldskirt, the little remnant-seller from the back of St. Clement's?

Fanny. How can you fancy so?

Oldsk. Why, you are a gentlewoman born; and I suppose I am but a stiff-rump'd jockey, to go to a grand house: the members of our Club call'd me old Dead-wig; and last week, when business took me a trot up Bond-street, a pert puppy, in pantaloons, ask'd me after my uncle Noah, and hop'd all my relations were well in the ark. But I didn't think Miss Fanny would have turn'd up her nose at me, neither.

Fanny. Can you think me capable of—Sir, you have been my preserver.

Oldsk. I can see—'tis the way of the world—shake hands with a shoeblack, when your boots are dirty, and kick him as soon as they're shin'd.

Fanny. How can you wrong me so?

Oldsk. Pooh! What could have made me leave shop at sixes and sevens, but to see you well plac'd? I've been bump'd and bruise'd in the stage, into as many colours as a tailor's book of patterns.—And, now we're within half a mile of the house, you are for shuffling me off in the middle of the mud.

Fanny. Hear me, Sir—Recollect what I have already suffer'd, and do not add to my sorrows. In an obscure corner of Jamaica, after fifteen years of

penury and affliction, it was my lot to receive the last breath of a wretched mother, who expir'd, heart-broken, in my arms.

Oldsk. I wish you'd hold your tongue, Miss Fanny. I'm a soft old fool, and that plaguy Jamaica story is, somehow, as bad for my eyes as all the pepper and spice of the island.

Fanny. You have rous'd me, Sir, to recapitulate, and I will proceed. Her dying hand plac'd mine in Henry's. Plung'd in poverty, like myself, he promis'd to be my protector, and future husband. He sail'd with me for England, where he had friends to solicit, and we cherish'd expectation. On the day of our arrival in London, he was snatch'd from me (Heaven knows how!) and left me destitute, even of hope.

Oldsk. He was crimp'd, I'll lay a penny—I always said so. Poor, dear soul! you've gone through a great deal.

Fanny. I have, now, endur'd the worst, Sir; for you—you have upbraided me——Sir, without your humanity, I must have perish'd. An ingenious bosom can feel no keener wound than the charge of ingratitude from such a benefactor.

Oldsk. Then, why won't you let me go with you to the place? You know, I've set my heart upon seeing you done justice by. Don't be cast down.—I look on you, Miss Fanny, as my own child. I shall never forget how you came to me first, as my lodger.

Fanny. Pennyless.

Oldsk. Why, at the end of a week, when I ask'd you for rent, you told me so, and fell a-crying. Now, that, Miss Fanny, was the first thing that made me take a liking to you. When a tradesman is never to be paid, you can't think how much more satisfactory your way is to him, than being told, month after month, by a great man's porter, that the fellow must call again. Come, let us go on to the house.

Fanny. Pray, oblige me! pray, be patient with me! To present myself, in my new office, with a person, determin'd, as you are, to fix there for some days, would be thought presuming.

Oldsk. But, what the plague am I to do? Stick here, in the dirt, like a skewer in a marrowbone?

Fanny. There appears to be a village to the left yonder, scarcely a quarter of a mile distant.

Oldsk. I see a few chimneys, and a deuced deal of smoke.

Fanny. No doubt, you will find an inn in the place. Wait there till evening, then come to me. I shall, then, have spoken to Mr. Torrent, concerning your care and kindness for me.—'Twill be better so on both our accounts—indeed it will.

Oldsk. Ah! bless you, Miss Fanny! you can persuade me to any thing. But how will you get safe? We're so far from town, it must be monstrous dangerous.

Fanny. Oh! I have no apprehensions.

Oldsk. Well, I see you are resolv'd and desperate. Heaven bless you! This is a wild country for a Londoner! and, somehow my mind misgives me, I shall never see you again.

Fanny (smiling). There is no danger, believe me.

Oldsk. Farewell!——(*Going, returns.*) Miss Fanny, my will's in the left hand pigeon-hole of my bureau, in the back room, up two pair of stairs. I've neither chick nor child;—so I've made you sole executrix and legate.——Jonathan Oldskirt may cut up richer than some people think. Heaven knows the depth of these mud lanes! I measure but five foot three;—and if I happen to be missing, it will be but respectful to send somebody to dig for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A spacious Hall in a Country House.*

ANDREW BANG *discover'd asleep in a Chair.*—
A violent Ringing of Gate Bell is heard.

Enter Sir LARRY MAC MURRAGH.

Sir Larry (without). Hollo!—If there's nobody within hearing, cannot you say so?—(*Enters*) As I am an Irishman, I believe every living creature in this house is dead; for I've pull'd the bell for them this half-hour, like a sexton (*sees Andrew.*) By my finger and thumb, I see a nose! I'll pull that, and, perhaps, I'll get an answer.—(*Pulls his nose.*)

Andrew (bawling and starting up). Awgh! awgh!

Sir Larry (bowing). Sir, my compliments of the sleeping season. There's the handle of the gate-bell, (*throws it to him*) Hang up the handle of your own ugly mug in the room of it, and plenty of visitors and runaway rings to you!

Andrew. Bless us, Zur!—Seeing you be a stranger, how did you get in?

Sir Larry. Like a Tom cat.—I walk'd in at the outside gate, over the wall. Where's my lord's steward?

Andrew. Mr. Carrydot be taking a morning's ride, Zur.

Sir Larry. Upon business?

Andrew. Na; upon Dobbin.—Can't ye wait a bit, Zur?

Sir Larry. I'll wait a little; but if he hasn't done airing in six weeks or two months, the chance is, I'll be gone from the premises.

Andrew. Two months?

Sir Larry. I will;—my estate to nothing.—So, 'tis an even bet, you see.

Andrew. Be you come to stay at my lord's so long, Zur?

Sir Larry. Don't be asking questions—I'm our master's—Lord Alamode's friend;—I'm here, *incog*;

—and if you are after blabbing it to a soul here, in Yorkshire, that I'm Sir Larry Mac Murragh of Bally-grennanclonfergus, by the honour of an Irish Baronet, I'll crop your ears as short as St. Thomas's day. Never you tell secrets.

Andrew. I never do, Zur, but when I'm fuddled.

Sir Larry. I must bribe this sot. Don't you go to the alehouse, and there's something for you to drink.—
(*Gives money.*)

Andrew. Thank ye, Zur.

Sir Larry. Mind—let nobody learn my name of you.

Andrew. I defy 'em—It's so plaguy long, I shall never learn it mysen.

Sir Larry. Here, now—(*putting his hand in his purse.*) Go you, and give this to my two post-boys at the gate.—I paid for the chaise beforehand.

Andrew. Ees, Zur.

Sir Larry. Tell the rascals they crawl'd like a couple of flies in treacle. They would have had half a crown each for driving fast; but, now there's only a seven shilling piece between 'em; and damn the rap more do they get.

Andrew. (*aside, and going*) He, he! if they'd ha' stood still, dang me if he wou'dn't ha' given 'em half a guinea.

Sir Larry. And, hark ye, what family has my lord left in the house?

Andrew. There's na' but ould steward, Mrs. Glastonbury the housekeeper,—and I, Zur.

Sir Larry. And who are you, you Judy?

Andrew. Andrew Bang, my lord's gamekeeper.

Sir Larry. You and I'll have a slap at my lord's partridges, Mr. Bang.

Andrew. Be you a good shot, Zur?

Sir Larry. A good shot? I'm an Irishman, yc divel.

Andrew. Have they much practice that way, Zur

Sir Larry. A pretty deal with a single ball, Mr. Bang.

Andrew (going). Shoot partridges wi' a single ball! You ha' been used to shoot wi' a long bow, or I be plaguily mistaken. [Exit.]

Sir Larry. I wonder is Mrs. Glastonbury pretty. A smart housekeeper is a mighty convenient article for an Irish gentleman, in an empty house, all alone, by himself. Oh! this old-fashion'd man must be the steward.

Enter CARRYDOT.

Is it Mr. Carrydot I'm talking to?

Carrydot. I am very sorry, Sir, I wasn't at home to receive you.

Sir Larry. Short speeches, my dear creature, for we're upon business. Just run your spectacles over this small bit of a letter—(gives it.)

Carrydot. 'Tis my lord's hand, I see.

Sir Larry. You may say that.

Carrydot (opens the letter, and reads). "Mr. Carrydot, the bearer of this is my dear and intimate friend, Sir Lawrence Mac Murragh of—of Ballygrennanclonfergus."

Sir Larry. That's my estate in Ireland.

Carrydot. You'll excuse me, Sir Lawrence, but I find it rather difficult to get through that name.

Sir Larry. Never you mind the name;—I've found it mighty easy to get through the estate.

Carrydot (reading on). "You will shew the Baronet every attention, while he does me the honour to remain in my house. His situation requires secrecy, which you will scrupulously observe, if he condescends to place you in his confidence—Yours,
"ALAMODE."

Sir Larry. Now I'll place you in my confidence, ould gentleman, before you can throw sixes. The short and the long of the story is, I'm dish'd.

Carrydot. Dish'd, Sir Larry! Pray, what is that?

Sir Larry. 'Faith, I'm always bother'd at derivations; but, according to the most learned Greeks, on the subject, 'tis agreed that dishing comes from dashing.

Carrydot. I don't comprehend.

Sir Larry. Sure, 'tis as easy as nothing at all. Only, when it happens in the city, you're a duck; but, at the west end of the town, you're a pigeon.

Carrydot. I protest, I am still in the dark.

Sir Larry. This is it in the west, do you see—Run to London, give grand dinners, and set your champagne going like whiskey—Sport your carriages, belong to the clubs, lose to gamesters, borrow of Jews, bet upon boxers, keep a stud, keep a dolly.

Carrydot. A Dolly? Bless us, what is that?

Sir Larry. A sort of moveable in a house, sometimes of mighty little use to the owner.—And so, you see, when you have completely over-run the constable, you must try to out-run the bailiff; and, then, you're dish'd, after the newest receipt of the present season.

Carrydot. I fear, Sir Lawrence, you may have been dup'd at play.

Sir Larry. Dup'd! What, Sir Larry Mac Murragh! Sure, and wasn't I ruin'd, at last, in the most honourable manner, by an intimate friend?

Carrydot. Ruin'd in an honourable manner by an intimate friend? I can't conceive how that can be.

Sir Larry. That all comes of your ignorance of fashionable life, Mr. Carrydot. 'Twas my friend, your own natural lord and master, that finish'd the job.

Carrydot. Lord Alamode?

Sir Larry. His own dear self;—fair and easy, about six in the morning. The run had been against me pretty smart, and I grew desperate like. Will you set ten thousand, says I, against the remaining third

of all the estate I have in the world at Ballygrennan-clonfergus? With all my heart, Sir Larry, says my lord. Seven's the main, says I. Throw, says he. Crabs, says I. 'Tis mine, says he. Then damn the luck on't! says I; for, Heaven bless you! my bosom friend, you have made me a beggar, like a man of honour as you are, all at a stroke.

Carrydot. A stroke of thunder, I should think!

Sir Larry. Upon my soul, it was much more like an earthquake; for it swallow'd up three thousand acres, and a great big family-house, before you could say shamrock.

Carrydot. I am sorry my lord should have done this.

Sir Larry. Indeed, and I sympathise with yourself: but rather he than another; for mind how friendly. Now I have won the last stick and guinea you have, my dear friend, says he, you'll want a house to be out of the way of your creditors. You are welcome to hide yourself at mine, in Yorkshire, till you can turn yourself about.

Carrydot. Did my lord, then, advise you to fly from them, Sir Larry?

Sir Larry. Sure, and he did; for you can't beat it into their brains, that a man of honour must ruin twenty tradesmen sooner than not pay one man of honour who has ruin'd *him*.

Carrydot. But I should hope, Sir Lawrence, that with the assistance of friends, and the exercise of œconomy—

Sir Larry. Œconomy? Only look at that book (*gives him a pocket-book*). See how methodical I was when I first went to London. All my expenses set down:—only you'll see, at the bottom of a leaf, I cou'dn't cast up the sum total.

Carrydot (reading). “To the sweeper of the crossing in Bond-street, one shilling.” This is methodical indeed, Sir Lawrence.

Sir Larry. Oh! I was resolute to be mighty particular.

Carrydot. "To Sundries,—seven thousand pounds." That is not so mighty particular, Sir Larry.

Sir Larry. I was busy that day. I lump my expenses, now and then, when I'm bother'd.

Carrydot. "To a collar for Lady, — half-a-guinea."

Sir Larry. A female of Dutch extraction—a Pug, that belong'd to me once, Mr. Carrydot. That's a cheap article.

Carrydot. "To a diamond necklace for Eliza,—nine hundred pounds."

Sir Larry. A female, whose extraction I could never make out; but she belong'd to me once, Mr. Carrydot. That article's a trifle dearer.

Carrydot. A great deal indeed!

Sir Larry. No matter for that. They both ran away from me one day, and I advertis'd them the next. "Whoever will bring Lady without a collar, or the necklace without the lady, shall be handsomely rewarded."

Carrydot. "Promised my tailor four hundred pounds." Is that to be put down as an actual expenditure, Sir Lawrence?

Sir Larry. Sure and it is. Isn't a promise to a tailor fashionable payment all the world over?

Carrydot. "Lost to my best and dearest friend, all I have in the world."

Sir Larry. That's the end of my fashionable Atlas for the year eighteen-hundred-and-five; and it saves a great deal of trouble in casting up the articles.

Enter ANDREW.

Andrew. I ha' pitch'd all your bundles out o' the chaise, Zur, into our court-yard.

Carrydot. The Court-yard! Why, there's a soaking shower.

Andrew. That's why I left 'em there, Zur. I'll take 'em in the moment it's over, you may depend on it.

Sir Larry. Let him manage it. He's a careful person, I see.

Andrew. Ees, I be, Zur. If I hadn't rummaged chaise, they'd ha' drove off wi' summut.

Sir Larry. Was it my little shaving-case?

Andrew. Na;—'twere a little boy.

Carrydot. Drove off with a little boy!

Sir Larry. By the powers! that's my man-servant. I'd forgot him—clean and clever.

Andrew. He was fast asleep, in a laced jacket, up in the corner.

Sir Larry. And how did you wake him?

Andrew. Why, Zur, first I pull'd his nose; and then, says I, "Zur, my compliments o' the sleeping season."

Sir Larry. But has he taken out the sparring-gloves, and the pistols, and the German flute, and Hoyle's Games, and the Usquebaugh, and the rest of my creditors?

Andrew. Here they all be, Zur.

Sir Larry. By my soul, I levanted from London in such a hurry, I ca'n't tell if one parcel is itself or another! What did he say is that thing like a wafer-box in your hand?

Andrew. It's all your ready cash, Sir Larry.

Sir Larry. And what's that big bag at your back, you divel?

Andrew. Boy says it be all your unpaid tradesmen's bills, Sir Larry. Which room be the bag and the Baronet to be put into, Mr. Carrydot?

Carrydot. The blue chamber. Get a fire,—see every thing arranged. [Exit Andrew.

Well, Sir Lawrence, every thing in my power, to

render my lord's house comfortable to you, it will be my duty to perform. I will go and give the housekeeper directions for your accommodation (*going*).

Sir Larry. You'll mind to sink my name in the neighbourhood, you know.

Carrydot. Rely on my discretion, Sir Larry. I am as faithful to my lord's friends as to my lord himself. [*Exit.*]

Sir Larry. That you may be, and cheat 'em most confoundedly, steward-like. I'll be mighty dull in this house. The worst of us fine fellows of high style is, when we are left by ourselves, we have hardly any resource, but Hoyle's Games, and a German flute.

Re-enter ANDREW BANG.

Have you a fire in my room yet, Mr. Bang?

Andrew. I think so, Zur; for it be plaguy full of smoke.

Sir Larry. Hark ye, is that Mrs. Glastonbury, your housekeeper, a smart sort of good-looking creature?

Andrew. He, he!—She be round and plump-like.

Sir Larry. Plump? Well, well,—sure a person may be pretty for all that.

Andrew. I know that, Zur;—I'se plump mysen.

Sir Larry. I think she may help me out in passing the time. I think I fancy her a neat, round, inviting Yorkshire Hebe, that—

Enter Mrs. GLASTONBURY.

Mrs. Glaston. Your room is ready, sir; and I hope I shall make all things agreeable.

Sir Larry. And are you Mrs. Glastonbury, the housekeeper?

Mrs. Glaston. At your honour's service. I'll shew

you all the pictures to-morrow, Sir. This house was erected in King William's time. I was born in it, Sir.

Sir Larry. That you were, the day before it was built, I'll be bound for you (*aside*).

Mrs. Glaston. This way, if you please, Sir. [*Exit.*

Andrew. Don't you go to be roguish wi' our house-keeper, Zur. Her reputation be tender, you do know.

Sir Larry. Then, upon my soul, it isn't at all like her person :—for, any how, that's tough.

Andrew. You'll always find her mighty civil to ye, Zur.

Sir Larry. 'Faith, and I'll return the compliment ; for damn the bit shall she complain of my being rude.

Andrew. He! he! he!

Sir Larry. Oh, curse you—and are you laughing? Shew me the way, you sneering spalpeen! [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Still-Room in Lord ALAMODE'S House. Bottles on Table, &c. &c.*

Enter Mrs. GLASTONBURY and ANDREW BANG.

Mrs. GLASTON.

BLESS my stars!—he's up the house, and down the house! skipping, jumping, boxing, swinging the dumb-bells, blowing the flute,—all within this half-hour. For my part, I think he's a madman.

Andrew. So do I;—but he do say he's na' but a Baronet.

Mrs. Glaston. And who is he? Where does he come from?

Andrew. That's tellings.—He ha' put I upon honour.

Mrs. Glaston. Put you upon a pin's head! I wou'dn't give a farthing for your honour.

Andrew. He gi'd I nine-and-sixpence. I said nought but liquor should make I betray un. Be that Cherry-bounce you ha' got on table, Mrs. Glastonbury?

Mrs. Glaston. Tell me all, and you shall have two glasses.

Andrew. Fill away, then (*she fills a glass, and gives it to him*). Why, then, you must know, his name be—Here's wishing you well through this world's trouble, and very soon out on't (*drinks*). Fill up t'other glass (*she fills and holds it*). His name be Sir Somebody Summut, as long as your bills; and—gi's t'other glass

—he do come from a place fit to break more teeth than you ha' left in your head.

Mrs. Glaston. And that's all you have to discover?

Andrew. Ees—don't you tell (*a horn is blown without*).

Mrs. Glaston. What's that?

Andrew. He be gi'ing a tantivy upon your old rusty French horn, that do hang up in the hall.

Mrs. Glaston. My legacy!—I wou'dn't have it hurt for fifty pounds. He'll turn the whole house topsy-turvy.

Andrew. Wool he? It will be a comical sight then to walk into your room.

Enter Sir LARRY MAC MURRAGH.

Sir Larry. The rain's done, all but drizzling, Mr. Bang, and we'll pop at the partridges. Oh! and is it there you are again, mother Glastonbury?

Mrs. Glaston. Marry, come up!—Mother!—I never was call'd so before, Sir.

Sir Larry. Then it's too late in the day with you now to hope for a true title to that appellation. And whose is that horn, hanging up in the hall, old gentlewoman?

Mrs. Glaston. Old gentlewoman! Why, Sir, that horn belong'd to my dear deceas'd husband, who was huntsman here; and, if you must know every thing, my late lord gave him a pair of them.

Sir Harry. And did your late lord do that?

Mrs. Glaston. That he did—bless his memory for it!

Sir Larry. That's right: you mayn't meet such another good-natur'd person again in a hurry.—Mr. Bang, isn't that sweet lady a most infernal sour old woman?

Andrew. Nation! Plague her a bit, do, Zur. Say my lord ha' hir'd another housekeeper.

Sir Larry. Be asy, Bang. Mrs. Glastonbury, I—you're a fine bustling body—But, now I'm come here, mayn't I chance to fatigue you a small matter?

Mrs. Glaston. Perhaps you may, Sir (*sulkily*).

Sir Larry. That's what I'm thinking—And you might be even with me, you know—So I told my friend, lord Alamode, I had just made bold to order a new housekeeper in the room of you.

Mrs. Glaston. What!—I've been here these five-and-forty years, and if my lord himself offer'd to discharge me I wou'dn't turn out, and that's flat.

Andrew. Dang me, but he ha' set the old one's back up now!

Enter CARRYDOT.

Carrydot. Sir Lawrence, a young person at the gate inquires for you.

Sir Larry. A young person? By the powers, a sucking bailiff!

Carrydot. 'Tis a woman, Sir Lawrence.

Sir Larry. A woman! And is she handsome, Mr. Carrydot?

Carrydot. That, Sir, it is not in my department to determine.

Andrew. Let I go, and look at her, Zur. I be reckon'd a tightish judge.

Sir Larry. Bang, don't you bellow o' (*opening his mouth*).

Mrs. Glaston. I see what's going on. The family mansion will be made quite scandalous.

Sir Larry (*putting her aside*). Hold your tongue, you punchy lady! Mr. Carrydot, I respect the roof of my bosom friend; and if the young person isn't fitting to come under it, by St. Patrick! rather than let her in, I'll marry mother Glastonbury.

Carrydot. Her appearance is most respectable, Sir; but I think there must be some mistake.

Sir Larry. Explain me the rights of it, Mr. Carrydot. Don't bother, now, you two keepers, game and house.

Carrydot. She has inquired for the gentleman who is just arrived on the estate.

Sir Larry. That's myself, you know.

Carrydot. Doubtless, Sir; but she says that she is come here, engaged by you, as housekeeper.

Mrs. Glaston. I won't budge an inch. I'll stay here, and tear her eyes out.

Sir Larry (apart). Mr. Bang, how will I get rid of that tremendous old tabby?

Andrew. Bide where you be, Zur; I'll ha' her out in no time. [Exit.

Mrs. Glaston. Service is no inheritance, that's a sure thing; but if my deceas'd husband was alive, he'd—
(*Bang plays upon the French horn without*) Bless me! what's the matter now?

Sir Larry. It's Mr. Bang playing "Variety is charming," on the horn of your deceas'd husband (*the horn falls with a crush*).

Mrs. Glaston. (screaming). Augh! he has broke it all to pieces (*runs out*).

Sir Larry. I'll thank you now, Mr. Carrydot, just to send in the young woman, and keep out the old one.

Carrydot. I shall, Sir Lawrence. But I had almost forgot—The young woman desir'd me to give you this card, which will instruct you whence she came; and then, she says, you will recollect who she is, Sir Larry. [Exit.

Sir Larry (reading the card). "Jonathan Old-skirt, remnant-seller, back of St. Clement's."—What will I make out of this? Sure a young woman, come here for housekeeper, can't be Jonathan Old-skirt, from the back of St. Clement's.—"Deals for ready money only."—By St. Patrick, you are little likely to get me for a customer!

Enter ANDREW BANG.

Andrew. I think, Zur, I ha' blow'd out mother Glastonbury.

Sir Larry. And who is it you have bid to be asking after me, to bother her?

Andrew. Come, that be a good un! You do know who it be better nor I, Zur.

Sir Larry. Look at this card. Mr. Bang, can you read?

Andrew. I left off schooling, Zur, afore I got to that part o' my edication.

Sir Larry. And you don't know the back of St. Clement's?

Andrew. Na, Zur; nor his face neither.

Sir Larry. Look ye, Mr. Bang, you rascal! if you have been sending any female here according to my order, which I never gave, you have taken an unpardonable liberty with my name,—provided she's ugly.

Andrew. Why, how could that possibly be, Zur? Putting the case, I had got your order in earnest, who could I gi' it to as would mind it?

Sir Larry. Not mind my order! Would you make me believe every body here is like my banker?

Enter FANNY.

Oh, Venus! here's a creature! Are you the person that came from the person, that—

Fanny. Sir!

Sir Larry. By the powers! the dazzle of her eyes has blinded my utterance! Are you the person, my dear, come here as housekeeper?

Fanny. Yes, Sir; I am come from London in obedience to your commands.

Sir Larry. My comma—Seat yourself, my jewel. Mr. Bang, get some refreshments.—Fly, you divel!

Fanny. Indeed, Sir, you distress me.

Andrew (going to the table). Mother Glastonbury ha' left out her brandy-bottle. I'll fill the young woman a bumper.

Fanny (doubtfully). I hope I have not mistaken the house, Sir.

Sir Larry. Oh, 'faith, you are under no mistake. This, my dear, is the house that—the house that Jack built, for all I know to the contrary (*aside*).

Andrew (presenting a bumper). Take a drop o' this, Miss; it will comfort you up, like.

Fanny. Not any, I thank you.

Andrew. Then here's wishing you joy o' your safe arrival (*drinks it*).

Fanny. Then this, Sir, is the Manor-house?

Sir Larry. Is this the Manor-house?—Isn't there the gamekeeper?—Only ask him—Sure he shou'd know.

Andrew (aside to Sir Larry). It be half a mile up the hill, on the hill, Zur.

Sir Larry. Lie thro' half a mile up hill—it wo'n't tire you.

Andrew. I wool.—Ees, Miss, this be the Manor-house.

Fanny (to Sir Larry). And are you the master of the house, Sir?

Sir Larry. Ask the gamekeeper again, my little one.

Andrew. What be I to say, Zur? (*aside to Sir Larry, who holds up half-a-crown.*) Hem!—Oh! half-a-crown—Yes, Miss, this be master.—He be landlord in fee (*takes the money*).

Fanny. I had been taught to expect a gentleman of a more elderly appearance, Sir.

Sir Larry. Would you be after my parish-register, my darling?—But, *je me porte bien*, as the French say;—and standing by the side of this ordinary man is a mighty advantage, you know.

Fanny. You will think me very presuming, Sir; but I imagined also that my employer was a native of England.

Sir Larry. Is it just a little twist of the tongue you are noticing?

Fanny. I confess it is, Sir.

Sir Larry. Oh—pooh—that's Yorkshire, my darling.

Fanny. Yorkshire, Sir!

Sir Larry. That's why I took this estate. I'm partial, you see, to the county I was born in.

Fanny. To say truth, I am ignorant of dialects here, Sir. Except the last six months at London, my whole life has pass'd in Jamaica.

Andrew. That's where the rum do come from.

Sir Larry. Hold your tongue, you!—

Fanny. But, if your accent be of this country, Sir, your game-keeper, or my ear deceives me, cannot be Yorkshire, also.

Andrew. Na, miss—I'm Irish.

Fanny. Forgive the questions I ask, Sir.—A heart, like yours, that can compassionate female distress, slightly sketch'd as mine was, in a newspaper, will account for my apprehensions.

Sir Larry (aside). A newspaper! You'll find many an honest man, every day, mighty tender-hearted, in a case like yours.

Fanny. I have found only one, except yourself, Sir.

Sir Larry. Only one! And who is he?

Fanny. The person who had the interview with your agent in town, Sir, and engag'd me in your service.

Sir Larry. And what's his name, my little one?

Fanny. I sent you in his card just now, Sir.

Sir Larry (looking at the card). Oh, I remember—Jonathan Oldskirt.

Fanny. Your first notice of my advertisement was address'd to me, under cover, to his initials, Sir.

Sir Larry. His initials.—Yes—that's (*referring to the card*)—that's *I, O*, my dear.

Fanny. Yes, Sir, you writ me word you had enter'd them in your pocket-book.

Sir Larry. Yes, you may say that—There's *I, O*, in my pocket-book ;—with a damn'd sight of thousands at the tail of it (*aside*).

Fanny. His house has been my Asylum, Sir.

Sir Larry. And didn't you find the Asylum rather dark and dingey, my dear, at the back of St. Clement's ?

Fanny. Oh, Sir, gilded roofs escape the eye of affliction ; but the smile of welcome, the tear of pity, strike forcibly upon the heart, when benevolence shelters misery ;—and the meanest cabin true charity inhabits affords gratitude a palace.

Sir Larry. It's my notion you love this same Jonathan Oldskirt, my darling.

Fanny. Dearly, Sir ;—I love him as a father : Anxious for my welfare, he hopes you will not think him intrusive, by requesting to be admitted here, a few days, till he sees me properly settled.

Sir Larry. And is he come with yourself ?

Fanny. He would not presume so much, Sir, without your permission ; for which he waits in the neighbouring village.

Sir Larry (aside). I wish, with all my soul, he was waiting in Constantinople.

Fanny. He will be here in the evening, to know if he have your leave to remain, Sir.

Sir Larry. Oh, 'faith, let him take leave, and welcome. Mr. Bang, you'll do the honours to Mr. Jonathan Oldskirt.

Andrew. Ees, Zur.—(*apart.*) I ha' lock'd mother Glastonbury up in china-closet, putting by her hus-

band's horn ; when Mr. Oldskirt do come, I'll lock he up wi' her, for company.

Sir Larry. Do that thing—My dear, I—I—the family is a little unsettled just now, you see ; so you'll take a mutton chop to day with me, you know.

Fanny. With—with you, Sir!—I heard, indeed, you were but just arrived on the estate—the family uniform'd, and—but, still, I—

Sir Larry. Damn the soul's in the house but ourselves, good or bad ; except the old steward, and that ill-looking gamekeeper.

Fanny. Indeed!—This is very strange! (*aside.*) Sir, I—

Mrs. Glaston. (*without*) Let me out—I insist upon it.

Fanny. Bless me! what's that?

Sir Larry. That? Oh! that's a rumpus.—You must know, among other live lumber, I found an old housekeeper on the estate, and—and she's lock'd up.

Fanny. Good heavens! this is very alarming.—Lock'd up, Sir?

Sir Larry. Yes; she's crazy, poor soul!

Andrew. Don't ye be frightful, Miss.—It ben't often, here we do lock up the housekeeper.

Sir Larry. Make yourself easy, my darling. The gamekeeper shall take you to t'other side of this great big house, and devil the bit will you be plagued with that woman's bawling. I'll come to you, and we'll go over the apartments, and we'll—Shew the way, Mr. Bang.

Andrew. This way, Miss.

Fanny. Go on—I know not what to think: but if I betray my suspicions, I—(*aside*)—Go on.

[*Exit Andrew, conducting her.*]

Sir Larry. Whether, now, is this one of the deserted ladies, who are unhappy in the Morning Post, every day, thirteen to the dozen, or real virtue in mis-

fortune? Any way, she'll procure me an agreeable companion, in the long afternoons. If she's kind, we'll make a merry duet; if she's immaculate, I'll have no bad *tête-à-tête* with my own conscience,—for dismissing innocence, with its due honours, when I had it so much in my power.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Manor-House.*

Enter TORRENT and HEARTLY.

Torr. It shall all be done, slap dash—on the spur of the moment. By this day se'nnight, every tenant, man, woman and child, shall meet me with a grin of joy, and a face as round as a dumpling. They shall all buz in sunshine, like a hive of bees.

Heartly. Are the drones on your estate to profit equally by the heat of your munificence?

Torr. Pshaw! Why won't you let the poor devils be happy, if they can?

Heartly. Certainly you have a right to command here; but I think you are too hasty in such indiscriminate kindness.

Torr. Too hasty in doing good to the poor!—No,—no;—come;—there is a warm adviser, old boy, in that case, that tells me I am right.

Heartly. Who is that adviser?

Torr. My heart.

Heartly. 'Tis too warm for an adviser—'twere better to consult a cooler.

Torr. Yourself, I suppose?

Heartly. No; you can spare *me*, at times. 'Tis one you cannot live without for a moment.

Torr. Who is that?

Heartly. Your head.

Torr. I should make an awkward figure without it,

that's certain.—But what's the use of a consultation about relieving want, if I can afford it?

Heartly. To distinguish between an ardour and a rage for charity; to regulate patronage, that we may not injure society at large, by squandering relief upon distress'd knaves; and to prevent one of the worst national principles affluence can inculcate, that want is to place Virtue and Vice upon a level.

Torrent. Well, but there are some points that speak for themselves. The poor widow, for instance, who left her petition at the house against my arrival. Her case is notorious to all the parish.

Heartly. Yes—and to half the next, they tell me.

Torrent. Why, you hard-hearted Turk! she has five little children,—and without her husband.

Heartly. That was well known before she was a widow.

Torrent. What?

Heartly. That she had five children without her husband.—She's a scandal to the place.

Torrent. Indeed!—At all events the children must be brought up to some honest employment.

Heartly. There I agree with you. To train an infant of the abandon'd to industry is a noble mode of serving the public, by saving the individual.

Torrent. I am glad I have got you to agree to something at last. You'll allow, too, I was right to make a present just now to the Thatcher?

Heartly. Clearly;—if you were certain he is a worthy object.

Torrent. Where's the doubt?—Isn't he disabled from work?—Wasn't his hand scorch'd last night at the fire?

Heartly. He is used to that.

Torrent. Used!—How?

Heartly. He was burnt in it, at the last Assizes.

Torrent. Curse me if I think you have any thing decent in the parish! You have decoy'd me into a

neighbourhood of ill fame; and I must go about at noon day, like Diogenes, with a lantern, looking for an honest man.

Heart. Oh! he was a Cynick, or he might have found plenty, without the help of a candle.

Torr. Hang it! after all, it matters little how my money goes. My young brother,—mad Tom, as I used to call him,—was the last relation I had in the world, and he has been gone many years. If he hadn't been a bad subject, rambled away from all his friends, turn'd soldier, and died abroad, nobody could hear exactly where or how, he should have inherited my fortune. Well, it can't be help'd, and—

Solomon Gundy (without). I'll denounce you to my master in a *petty momong*.

Torr. There's that infernal Solomon Gundy!—the rat-catcher, whom you have made my valet-de-chambre.

Heart. He's honest, I'll be sworn.

Torr. Confound him!—he does nothing but run about and talk. He's all legs and mouth, like a Dutch oven upon a trivet. He knocks the furniture about as he does French and English, and makes as much havock in a house as in a language.

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Well, what have you been doing this last half-hour?

Solomon. A multiplication of affairs!—I've laid the cloth, fed the mastiff, comb'd your best wig, tapp'd the ale, hunted the pigs from the pleasure-ground, and clean'd the parlour windows.

Heart. A pretty good half-hour's employment.

Torr. But, why will you be in such a devil of a bustle?

Solomon. Bless your honour! I'm very jealous to learn, till when you'll pardon my defection. Mr. Thomas is so condescending as to say he'll do nothing at all, that I may get versified in all the work of the house.

Torr. Is he?—Then I'll tell you how you are to dust my coat.

Solomon. *Commong*? as they say at Dunkirk.

Torr. Put it on Mr. Thomas's back, and beat it as hard as you can with a horsewhip. Tell him 'tis my order. What was that smash I heard just now in the hall?

Solomon. A fraction.

Torr. A vulgar one, I'm sure, if you were concern'd in it. I heard you letting down the great lamp by the pulley—so, I suppose, you have broke it?

Solomon. Into a thousand anatomies. It came down with so much voracity that it forced my head through the glass bottom, and wedged me in, down to my shoulders.

Torr. Fine mischief you have been doing already.

Solomon. Don't be concern'd; I'm very little hurt. A slight confusion in my head, but soon heal'd, your honour.

Torr. Curse me if the confusion in your head isn't incurable! And, where is Thomas?

Solomon. Tasting the ale.

Torr. Then I hope 'tis sour.

Solomon. He thought so the third jug,—so he's drawing a fourth, to be certain.

Torr. I've a great mind to be plagued with that drunken rascal no longer.

Heart. Why have you been plagued with a drunken rascal at all?—Nobody but yourself would keep him a week.

Torr. That's the reason I have kept him these seven years. He'd starve if I turn'd him away.

Heart. That's *his* affair.

Torr. No, it isn't:—'tis the affair of a sober woman and two squalling brats, who must starve along with him.

Solomon. Ah! you've got a *Cure*, as the French say.

Torr. Curse the French!—What brought you in here?

Solomon. I came to say that——

Torr. But stop—First remember to keep that sot out of my sight during the rest of the day. Let him come to my chamber, as soon as I rise to-morrow, and I'll lecture him when his head aches.

Solomon. What time do you get up?

Torr. Nine.

Solomon. Not till nine?—Then, before I shave you I'll catch a few rats.

Torr. This fellow will lather me with arsenic!—Now why did you come in?

Solomon. With a message.

Torr. Deliver it.

Solomon. I came to denounce that a gentleman in the hall is——

Voice (without). Solomon Gundy!

Solomon. That's Mrs. Cook's voice.—The jack's down.—I'll be back *dong le momong*, as they say.

[*Exit.*

Torr. An active booby!—He is as provoking as a bad barometer; his quicksilver only causes confusion.

Heart. Nay, give him a fair trial.

Torr. I intend it:—But where is your grand recommendation? the person you writ to at London, to come down and lay out my grounds?

Heart. He was to have been here yesterday.

Torr. Is he clever?

Heart. Very; and as cheap as any dirt he has beautified.

Torr. I don't mind expense, if he has taste; but if he throws Chinese bridges over a dry English ditch, Solomon Gundy shall kick him into it. I never heard of him.

Heart. Few have.—He is a man of talent and acquirement, but modest, even to shyness; and of too simple manners to make a fortune, as many bustlers

do without one tithe of his ability. His mind is like the landscape he adorns; the height of its polish has not disturb'd the quietness of nature.

Torr. He is just what I want. I hate to hear fashion cry up an architect, or a painter, or a play-wright, as the only man, to the degradation of all others. A fury for individual artists pinches the arts; and when people have patronage they should always draw modest genius from obscurity.—But why isn't he here?

Heart. I think there must be some mistake—You dine late—I must leave you for half an hour to go into the village; and I will make inquiries about him at the Inn.—(*going.*)

Torr. Heartly——

Heart. Eh?

Torr. The Spread Eagle has got the gout in his stomach.

Heart. I intend calling there.

Torr. Aren't his liquors very bad?

Heart. Execrable.

Torr. I've laid in some famous old Madeira.

Heart. I shall taste it at dinner.

Torr. If you don't mind a little bumping behind you, perhaps a bottle in each of your coat-pockets may do the poor fellow a service.

Heart. I'll take care of him, depend upon it.

[*Exit.*]

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Solomon. A man in the hall wants your ear.

Torr. My ear?

Solomon. Yes—your orell.

Torr. What's his name?

Solomon. I forgot to ask:—that was a little fore-paw, as the French say.—I'll run and——(*going.*)

Torr. Zounds! come back; and stand still, if you can!—Did you ask his business?

Solomon. As I am but a menial, I thought it might flavour of curiosity.—But he comes from London.

Torr. From London?—Oh! Heart'y's friend that's to lay out the ground.—I'm glad he's arrived.—Doesn't he say he comes recommended to me?

Solomon. He says a person, now in the house, was to give you some intimidation.

Torr. Ay, ay, 'tis he: desire him to walk in.

Solomon. Shall you want me again till I wait at dinner?

Torr. No, I hope not.

Solomon. Then I'll bait my traps, just to *passy le tongs*, as they say. [Exit.

Torr. I'm glad the surveyor is come. We'll go at it ding dong!

Enter JONATHAN OLDSKIRT.

Oh, pray come in! I have been expecting you, and am very happy to see you.

Oldsk. Then Miss Fanny has mention'd me. (*aside*) I should be sorry to intrude, but——

Torr. Intrude!—Nonsense. Merit never intrudes; and you have just been mention'd to me by a person I sincerely regard and respect.—Sit down.

Oldsk. Regard and respect! How pretty he talks of Miss Fanny already! (*aside*) Why, Sir,—(*both of them sitting.*) The long and the short on't is, I had set my heart upon coming.

Torr. Had you heard a good account of the situation?

Oldsk. A friend, or two, told me it was a situation for any body that wanted one, to jump at.—But, says I, “though prospects are good, my advice is wanted, “and I had better be on the spot, to see how I may “mend them.”

Torr. Certainly. The only way, I suppose, to mend the prospects, is to be on the spot.

Oldsk. Well, I hope you don't think I have come upon bad grounds.

Torr. In that I must bow to your opinion. You must be a much better judge of any grounds you come upon, than I am.

Oldsk. (aside) The sweetest-temper'd man I ever met with!—Ah, Sir! we might be of much service between us:—and I have great hopes; for, to say truth, I am prodigiously pleased with what little I have seen of your manner.

Torr. Why, the Manor, they tell me, isn't a bad one; but there's room for improvement.

Oldsk. Indeed, I think it vastly agreeable.

Torr. Then on the whole you don't dislike the place?

Oldsk. In my opinion, the place bids fair to turn out all I could wish.

Torr. Well, well, we must lay our heads together, how to make it better.

Oldsk. Begging your pardon, that will depend upon the master.

Torr. Pooh! if you mean money, I don't mind that.

Oldsk. Why, money is an object, in a place, to be sure; but good treatment is a prime matter with me.

Torr. Treatment? Aye, true;—as the poet says—“In all, let nature never be forgot:”—We mustn't have too much labour.

Oldsk. That's good hearing; for she's very delicate.

Torr. “But treat the goddess like a modest fair.”

Oldsk. The goddess!

Torr. “Nor over dress——”

Oldsk. That would be ridiculous.

Torr. ——“Nor leave her wholly bare.”

Oldsk. (starting up) Dam'me if I'd stand by and suffer such a thing, for the universe!

Torr. (rising) This man's an enthusiast in his busi-

ness. He'll do ! We'll begin our operations betimes tomorrow morning. Are you an early riser ?

Oldsk. First up in the house, this thirty years.

Torr. Indefatigable in your profession, I dare say.

Oldsk. I was always fond of my business. When I was a boy, I had the watering-pot in my hand by day-break ; and had generally done sprinkling before a soul was stirring.

Torr. The watering-pot !—So—began with the lowest rudiments of his art, I suppose, and was a common gardener—(*aside.*) Well, application added to genius is always sure to rise—And 'tis amazing how much we have mended in your line, within the last century. Quite another taste. Hardly a remnant of the old style to be seen.

Oldsk. Now and then, a remnant of that kind comes in my way ; but very scarce.

Torr. So much the better—Our forefathers were too formal ;—too stiff by half ;—no grace, no ease, no sweeps ;—they could never boast any thing like the lawns of the present day.

Oldsk. Lawns are a nice article, and brought to amazing perfection, that's certain.

Torr. I see we shall agree in our notions on all points. We'll talk more about it, when the cloth is removed. You'll dine with me, of course. I have only Heartly.

Oldsk. Dine with you ? Bless me ! that honour is too great.

Torr. Why, where the deuce wou'd you dine ?

Oldsk. With your leave, as long as I stay, I'll take my victuals in the housekeeper's room.

Torr. (*aside*) Zounds ! he is modest even to shyness, indeed, as Heartly says. You are to do as you like, but——

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Solomon. There's a man in the hall——

Torr. Wants my *other* ear, I suppose. What's his name?

Solomon. Mr. Barford, of our village.

Torr. The gentleman I met at the Spread Eagle, who was burnt out?

Solomon. Yes;—one of the unhappy incendiaries.

Torr. Shew him into the breakfast-parlour.—And conduct this gentleman to the housekeeper's room—(to *Oldskirt.*) But, suppose you let him take you into the park first—Do—Perhaps you'll catch a hint.

Oldsk. (aside) Catch a hint!—Bless me! I'm more likely to catch a cold, this rainy day.—By all means, whatever you please.

Torr. Attend the gentleman, then, Solomon. We shall meet by and by, you know. [Exit.

Oldsk. I'm always at your commands—(to *Solomon*) Shew me to the housekeeper's room at once.

Solomon. That's *tooty fay imposseeble*. My master has laid his conjunctions upon me to take you a *promenade*.

Oldsk. (bowing) Thank you, Sir. Now, whether this foreigner is going to take me out of doors, or into the housekeeper's room, I wish I may be burnt if I can understand. [Exeunt.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Manor-House—
Barford, discover'd.*

BARFORD.

THE wealthy man takes his time :—but poverty, it seems, must always wait the leisure of the rich. Oh ! I hear him coming.

Enter TORRENT.

Torr. Ah ! Mr. Barford ! this is kind ! You are come to dinner, as I requested.

Barf. I am here, Sir, upon business.

Torr. Well, we'll settle it after our bottle, and——

Barf. Pardon me, I——

Torr. But why didn't you bring your friend, the parson ? I respect the cloth, and there's a plum-pudding.

Barf. Look at this pocket-book, Sir. (*Putting it into his hands.*)

Torr. 'Tis a—hem !—'tis a mighty neat one, indeed.

Barf. You certainly recollect it.

Torr. I—I think I have seen a clasp of this pattern before.

Barf. Nay, Sir, I know it is yours, and I must insist upon restoring it to you. There are bank notes to the amount of a hundred and fifty pounds. See if they be right.

Torr. Pshaw ! I'll tell you what—If you come to cut my throat, for trying to do you a favour, you are too

late. I could have quarrell'd with you to your heart's content, at first, for your doctrines; till I saw they arose from disappointments. I am always inclin'd to affront a surly hater of man; but never able to offend, nor be offended by, a man in misfortune.

Barf. You mistake the motive of my visit, Sir. I came to thank you; but there is something, beyond a poor man's pride, which forbids me to accept of your assistance.

Torr. 'Tisn't misanthropy, though you make such a boast of it.

Barf. You cannot penetrate my sentiments.

Torr. Better than you yourself, perhaps;—and, with all your pride and hatred, I have a great mind to send you on a message, and you will skip for joy at the office.

Barf. Sir!

Torr. Carry this pocket-book to your palsied landlord, with his little boy, whom you rescued from the fire, at the risk of your life; and ask your feelings, by the way, whether you hate your fellow-creatures.

Barf. (*eagerly*) Give it me. I—No—(*checks himself*) He is an humble son of labour. Whenever you can remove distress, without wounding sensibility, you must not lose the pleasure of drying a tear with your own hand. But, how should you know that transaction?

Torr. Because the world isn't so bad as you pretend to think. If there are too many to chatter tales to a man's disadvantage, there are enough to proclaim a fact to his credit; and one steady sound of Candour's clarion is heard through a thousand squeaks of Scandal's penny trumpets. But how came you to know, to a certainty, that this book is mine?

Barf. You forgot that the inclos'd memorandums, and your own written name (which had I perceiv'd first, I should have search'd no further) must lead to a discovery.

Torr. Confound my stupidity!—The next pocket-book I buy, I'll make a *nota bene* in it, never to forget remembering my memorandums. However, it has brought you here, and bids fair to make us better acquainted.—And there's my friend Heartly, and myself, and—come, come—we'll try to make this country pleasant to you.

Barf. Perhaps, Mr. Torrent, when you know my history, you are the last man who would endeavour to make any country pleasant to me.

Torr. Hey! the devil! I wish to make any body comfortable but a downright rogue; I—I am sure you can't be that character.

Barf. I have punctually discharg'd all moral obligations, Sir. I have serv'd, too, in his Majesty's army; I have retir'd from it with unblemish'd honour, and so I mean to retire to my grave.

Torr. Then you'll want no flourishes on your tombstone. A homely chisel chipping out plain duties, faithfully perform'd to king, country, and relatives, beats the best poetical epitaph I can remember. 'Tis a blunt question to ask,—but you see that's my way—Who are you?

Barf. One who, by the intelligence you have given him this morning, is willing to disclose himself.

Torr. I have given!

Barf. I once possess'd a moderate independence: youthful ardour threw me into the army, and I was order'd abroad. At the time of my departure, the hand of the woman I almost ador'd was given to me in marriage by the friend I most lov'd. That friend was an officer in our regiment, who, having no resource but his profession, shar'd my purse, as he shar'd my confidence.

Torr. I like that sharing. When an officer is independent, every little bandy-legg'd drummer in his regiment should at least be, once in a winter, a pair of stockings the better for him.

Barf. My wife resolv'd to be the partner of my voyage. Flush'd with the hope of fame, and ardent in my country's cause, I gaz'd from the deck upon my native cliffs, without one sigh as I receded from them; for I had the wife of my bosom on one side, and the friend of my bosom on the other.

Torr. I wish I were young—I'd marry, and go into the army, to-morrow morning.

Barf. Mark the reverse.—After five years' residence in the West Indies, the friend, whose need had been supplied by my unsuspecting love, seduc'd the innocent he had given to me at the altar; and, at one blow, struck two of the keenest wounds upon his benefactor's heart, the heart of man can suffer.

Torr. Damn him for a scoundrel!

Barf. The guilty fled together. I pursu'd, and overtook their carriage. The bosom traitor threw out his sword, unsheath'd, and exclaim'd he was ready, on the instant, to give me satisfaction.

Torr. What? By—Oh, true—I had forgot:—The modern notion of satisfaction is, that the injur'd is to enjoy a chance of being murder'd by his injurer.

Barf. The hilt of his sword stuck deep in the soil of the road, while the blade pointed upwards to that heaven which had witness'd his villany. In leaping out, he fell upon it; it pierc'd his body, and he expir'd at my feet.

Torr. And by almost the only sword that would not have been disgrac'd, by ridding the world of such a monster. Who was he?

Barf. Your brother.

Torr. My bro—I—You—So, then, it seems he died at last, by—I don't mean to insult you by being shock'd at his death; but he was my brother, and I can't help it. What became of your wife?

Barf. We had a daughter, four years old. The wretched woman hurried from the scene of death, to give a last kiss to her little one, before she shrunk from

the eye of an outrag'd husband ; but, while the smiling baby twin'd its arms about her neck, a mother's tenderness urged her to add to a wife's cruelty ; and, as she rush'd from my roof for ever, she bore away my infant.

Torr. Pray, say no more :—he was my brother, but I'm afraid he deserv'd to——

Barf. Deserv'd ! Oh ! Probity, Honour, Domestic Peace ! how often are your sacred bonds rent asunder, and how lenient is law to the offender !—If the famish'd criminal be executed, who purloins a little food to preserve life, what sentence can be too severe for the libertine wretch, who has plunged his friend's family in anguish, to gratify his passions !

Torr. You have too much reason, I believe, to abhor my brother's memory.

Barf. He has disgusted me with the living, but I wage no war with the dead ; although his death ruin'd my fortunes, as his life destroy'd my happiness.

Torr. Your fortunes !

Barf. At the moment he was planning my misery, and my wife's shame, I had become his security to so large an amount, that my paternal income was annihilated, in discharging his creditors.

Torr. Bring your claim against his relations. I am the only one surviving, and will discharge the bonds directly. Where are they ?

Barf. Here is your brother's note, bearing a reference to those bonds, for seven thousand pounds.—*(Shewing it to Torrent.)*

Torr. I'll swear to the hand. Let me cancel the debt, though I blush at the relationship.

Barf. I cancel it now, Sir *(tears it)*. That pocket-book, which I have just return'd, has given me a far, far more valuable claim ; my title is indisputably legal, and I am here to assert it.

Torr. Pocket-book ! There's nothing that I recollect, but—but the paltry notes and—*(searching it)*—and

some memorandums—and a long letter here without an *envelope*, from a poor girl in distress, who is coming to be my house-keeper.

Barf. I must see her.

Torr. See her!—Why?

Barf. That this heart, so long cold and desolate, may feel the aching transport of a father, when it beats against the bosom of my child.

Torr. Child! What, is she the infant daughter that—Hollo! (*calling*) You shall be—Solomon!—I'm as much pleas'd as if—Thomas! Pooh!—he's drunk—My dear Sir, if she's not arriv'd yet, you'll see her to-night to a certainty.

Barf. Not arriv'd! The letter says she would be here this morning.

Torr. Yes; but she's not come.—The moment I—that is, she—I mean that—Zounds! I'm too much flurried to speak plain. But don't distrust me:—If my brother has sullied his memory, by making a husband wretched, don't suppose I can't jump for joy in making a father happy.

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Torr. Is miss Fanny—is—the housekeeper arriv'd?

Solomon. No.

Barf. No!

Torr. No!

Solomon. *Nong paw*, as the French say; but the little man in the bob wig is run out of his senses.

Torr. Then I wish you had run into them.—What's the matter with him?

Solomon. A total arrangement of his ineffectuals.—He's what we call *foo* at Dunkirk. He says you sent him into the park to take him in; calls all the prospects a blind; and when I shewed him the stags, he ran into the *chateau*, and said he wouldn't be kept from his own little Dear.

Torr. Why, what is all this?—Don't be impatient. (to *Barford*.) This is only a strange surveyor that—You shall soon be made easy.

Barf. I shall expect it, Sir.

Enter JONATHAN OLDSKIRT.

Oldsk. I've been from the top of the house to the bottom; but I sha'n't be bamboozled.

Torr. Hey-day!

Oldsk. Mr. Torrent, you know what business brought me here.

Torr. To be sure I do.

Oldsk. Then I'm a reputable man; and insist upon joining the party.

Torr. Joining the party!—When I ask'd you to dine at my table, didn't you tell me you would take your victuals in the housekeeper's room?

Oldsk. That's what I wanted; but, instead of that, this outlandish fellow has kept me capering about the park, after a parcel of live venison.

Solomon. 'Twas my master's *ordonnance*, and I acted according to *riggles*.

Torr. Hold your tongue!—If you wish to go to dinner, go to dinner; and when you like; nobody hinders you.

Oldsk. Damn the dinner!—that isn't my object.

Solomon. *Texzy voo*, according to the French; for if you are saucy to my master I shall kick you out, agreeable to the English.

Torr. Leave the room. [*Exit Solomon Gundy.*

Oldsk. Don't tell me; I'll raise the whole county, but I'll know the rights on't.

Torr. Heartly has sent me a maniac. Aren't you welcome to all the house affords?—What more do you want?

Oldsk. Want?—I'll have a beautiful young woman.

Torr. The devil you will!

Oldsk. Yes; and I won't rest till I'm satisfied.

Torr. I'll tell you what, my friend: for a man, modest even to shyness, you are as brazen a dog as ever threw up a clump.

Oldsk. I've clump'd here up to my neck in clay; and it's well I did, or I might have been cheated out of my Charge.

Torr. I never knew such assurance!—How dare you talk to me of being cheated of a charge, when you have no title yet to demand one?

Oldsk. We shall see that.—I'll swear to our parting this morning in the lane, in the direct road to your house.

Torr. 'Tis my opinion that you'll swear to any thing: but, so far from parting with you in a lane, curse me if I ever saw your extraordinary face any where but in this parlour!

Oldsk. Who says you did?

Torr. You, this minute:—But here comes a gentleman who will settle matters, and rid my house of you, directly.

Oldsk. With all my heart. Let him clear up all. I've no objection to meeting a gentleman, for my part, when he behaves as such.

Enter HEARTLY.

Torr. So, Mr. Heartly, here's a mighty modest person, according to your notion of things, to whom I must beg you to talk a little, if you please.

Heart. (*bowing to Oldskirt.*) Sir, your most obedient.

Oldsk. (*returning the bow vulgarly.*) Sir, yours.

Torr. And now, let me tell you, (*to Heartly*) if you had search'd all England for a shy and a cheap man, you couldn't have pick'd out a more impudent or extortionate fellow.

Oldsk. I don't value what you say of me of a button. Come to the point.

Heart. I'm thunderstruck!—Who can this be?

Torr. Who should it be—but your precious recommendation, the surveyor?

Oldsk. Surveyor!

Heart. You are mistaken—I never saw this person before.

Torr. No!

Oldsk. You know that as well as he. But that fetch won't pass.—I'll have what I came for.

Torr. And what the devil did you come for?

Oldsk. For one who is as dear to me as the eyes in my head. Didn't I tell you I came to better her prospects, now she had got a place?—And didn't you cajole me by saying you'd help me to mend 'em? But old Jonathan Oldskirt had rather see all his remnants on fire than return to the back of St. Clement's before he knows Miss Fanny Delamere is safe.

Barf. How!—Are you the person she mentions in her letter, who has shewn her so much care and kindness?

Oldsk. What's that to you?—I know none of you; but, let her be forth-coming.

Barf. (*warmly*) She shall be forth-coming.

Torr. Oldskirt!—Zounds! then you are the remnant-seller who settled every thing for the place with my agent in London.

Oldsk. Pooh! pooh!—You knew that all along.

Barf. 'Tis fit that I, as her father, Mr. Torrent, should know every thing.

Oldsk. Her father!—What!—Will she find a father, after all?—Lord, Lord! I—But first, let her father find *her*. Have the house search'd directly.

Torr. Why, what is it you mean to insinuate?

Oldsk. I'll take my oath to leaving her a few hours ago, not half-a-mile off, in her way to the house; and, when I got here myself, you said you expected me, because she had just mention'd to you I was coming.

Barf. You hear that, Sir.

Torrent. Yes; but I said no such thing.

Oldsk. Don't believe him—Fie upon you! You are no better than a kidnapper.

Torrent. Dam'me, if I—

Heart. (*interposing.*) Softly—Here must be some mistake. Mr. Barford, if you have that claim to inquiry to which the tender name you have just mention'd gives you a title, we had better leave you to investigate the matter coolly with my friend. Come, Mr. Oldskirt, to avoid clamour, suppose you and I withdraw to another apartment.

Oldsk. (*to Barford.*) Do you say I should?

Barf. I think it would be better.

Oldsk. Well, I—But, don't be bamboozl'd—We're in bad hands.

Heart. Come, come.

Oldsk. (*going.*) Curse me, though, if I quit the premises, till I see her!

[*Exeunt Heartly and Oldskirt, on one side, Torrent and Barford, on the other.*]

SCENE II.—*A substantial House on a Heath. Barns, and Out-Houses adjoining.—A slight Railing in Front of the House, and a Wicket, to which a Bell is attach'd.—A Cart under a Shed, and at the End of it is inscrib'd "Barabbas Hogmore—Tax'd Cart."—The Sea at a distance.—Bright Moon-light.*

Enter HENRY.

Henry. After a painful walk from the beach, here is a house at last. I need not doubt a reception, for I am on British ground. The mastiff barking, as a nocturnal terror, at an Englishman's gate, gives sure token of comfort to the wanderer, in search of a habitation. (*rings at the wicket.*)

Hogm. (*looks out at one pair of stairs window.*)—Who's that?

Henry. A stranger, in quest of a night's lodging.

Hogm. We don't let any here. (*going to shut the window.*)

Henry. Stay a moment. I do not want to *hire* a night's lodging.—I *entreat* one.

Hogm. That's a genteel way of begging, I suppose. Where do you come from?

Henry. The coast of France.

Hogm. Oho! I understand. If you have any run brandy, I should like a keg, snug and reasonable. I'll come down to you.

Henry. You mistake me. I was, six months ago, impress'd into the King's service;—I was captur'd by the enemy;—have escap'd from a French prison;—and, after many hardships at sea, was put on shore, in an open boat, an hour since, on this coast.

Hogm. That may be all gammon. Coast of France, indeed! 'Tis a mighty extraordinary story. Are you an Englishman?

Henry. I am a British subject, and want shelter.

Hogm. You don't get any here.

Henry. Then your want is more extraordinary, for an Englishman, than mine.

Hogm. What's that?

Henry. The want of hospitality.

Hogm. Look ye, my man; I'm a Yorkshire freeholder: my young ones are just going to bed, and I am obligated to keep 'em safe; if you hover outside of my warm dwelling, because you are in want of house and home, I'll fire at you, as every tender master of a family is in duty bound (*shuts the window*).

Henry. Brute! You form, I hope, a strong exception to the rule of that country's generosity in which you are born. His young ones!—What a litter of cubs must spring from such a bruin! I am very faint, but I will stagger on (*going*).

(*A boy, apparently seven years of age, puts his head from a window of the ground-floor, and calls to Henry.*)

Boy. Hollo! Master!

Henry (turning back). A child's voice!

Boy. Don't you go.

Henry. Why not, my little fellow?

Boy. Because I'm lock'd in, to go to bed. I've all this closet to myself; so, if you creep in at window, you shall sleep in my room, if you like.

Henry. Can so sweet a baby belong to that savage!

Boy. But stay, I had better come out; for Tiger's unchain'd—He'll bite you, if he don't see me with you; he won't bite you when he does, for I ride upon him. I'm coming.

Henry. No, no; you'll fall, and hurt yourself.

Boy. No, I sha'n't. I clamber out of this window very often, and in again, too, when brother John plays with me at hide-and-seek.

Henry. Take care.

Boy. Stop, though—Mother puts her cold ham, and cordial bottle, in my cupboard; and, I dare say, you are very dry and hungry (*goes back*).

Henry. Infantine simplicity! how powerful is thy appeal to Nature! How do thy tones and gestures awaken in us that softness which age, with all its acquired austerity (sour vintage of life!), cannot resist.

(*Boy having come from the window to Henry with bottle and meat in a basket.*)

Boy. Have you got a knife in your pocket?

Henry. Yes, my sweet fellow.

Boy. Then cut the ham very smooth, and father wo'n't miss it; else, if he finds me out to-morrow morning, he'll larrup me.

Henry. Can he ever have the heart to beat you?

Boy. Never very hard when mother's by; for then he'd get it himself. Come, why don't you eat? And then we'll go to bed.

Henry. I am too ill to eat, my dear boy; but the contents of your bottle will cheer me.

Boy. Oh! nobody will miss that. When mother

gets up, she never remembers if she left any in it, over night.

Henry (drinks). What is your name, my dear?

Boy. I'm Bill.

Henry. Wo'n't you lose a keep-sake, if I give you one?

Boy. No, that I wo'n't.

Henry. See—here is a silver whistle for you. I tore it, by accident, from a poor boatswain, as I was endeavouring to pluck him from the waves, when he was drowning.

Boy. What!—and was he drown'd for good and all?

Henry. Yes. Be sure to keep this till you are a man, and it will put you in mind to do, then, what you are doing now.

Boy. What's that?

Henry (lifting him up in his arms). To struggle all in your little power to save a fellow-creature from sinking (*kisses him, and puts him to the ground. As going*) Farewell.

Boy. Oh, but you wo'n't go?

Henry. Yes, my love. But I must see you get into your room first.

Boy. Oh, but stay, and see how nice I'll blow this whistle (*blows it*).

Henry. Hush! you'll alarm the house.

Boy. Oh dear! I forgot that.—There's father at the window—Let us get under the great elm. (*They retire.*)

Hogm. (looking out.) Who's that?

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Solomon. Mr. Hogmore, I wish you a very *bong soir*.

Hogm. What do you want here, after sun-set, you rat-killing vagabond! No good, I'll answer for you.

Solomon. Whoever answer'd for you, at your christen-

ing, to teach you the vulgar tongue, kept his word with the strictest voracity. And as to killing rats, you have always been my victorious competitor.

Hogm. How do you make out that?

Solomon. While I have poison'd one, you have starv'd twenty. But suppose, now, our new lord of the manor had plac'd me at the top of his house?

Hogm. Then I shou'dn't be plagu'd with you under my wall.

Solomon. He has sent me here, officiously, to implore the country, in search of a wanderer. Have you seen one?

Hogm. There was one wanting to get in, just now.

Solomon. Huzza! What did you do?

Hogm. I'll shew you (*slaps down the window*).

Solomon. That man is what I call a *Poissarde*. I could hear no news of this housekeeper, at the Spread Eagle. I'm afraid we must look upon her as lost, like an *ongfong trouway*. But I suffus'd a sigh into the ambrosial ear of my Amy, and murmur'd my youthful vow of everlasting detachment.

(*Henry and the Boy come forward.*)

Who's that?

Henry. The wanderer, you have just been told, was refus'd admittance to that dwelling.

Solomon. This ca'n't be the housekeeper; for she's a *song culotte*, as the French say. Where do you come from?

Boy. He came out of a boat;—all the way from France.

Solomon. From France! Hem! *Parly Fransay un pew*, I suppose, *Musseer*? (*to Henry.*)

Henry. I understand French better than I speak it.

Solomon. That's not my case; I speak it, *toote le maim*, as well as I do English. What part did you *voyagy* from last?

Henry. From Dunkirk.

Solomon. Dunkirk! that's astonishing! The place

where I receiv'd my foreign polish. Perhaps you lodg'd at the *Tetty de Buff*?

Henry. I lodg'd in a prison.

Solomon. A prison!

Henry. And the most wretched of its kind.

Solomon. Now, that's what I call *le diable momporte*.

Henry. My story is brief. I was taken in the English service by the French; and have escap'd, first from their prisons, then from the storms that have driven me so far northward on the English coast. Be my guide to any place where I may rest for the night, and I will reward you for your labour.

Solomon. I'll tell you what you shall give me.

Henry. Make your terms.

Solomon. A cursed thump on the head, if I take a farthing for helping a distress'd English seaman, thrown on his own shore, from the clutches of the enemy.

Henry. My good friend, whatever your proficiency may be in French, such language is pure English, and that of the best subjects in the British dominions.

Solomon. Don't be surpris'd at my orthography of utterance; for my father was schoolmaster at the contagious village; so learning to me is hereditary.

Henry. Well, shew me the nearest habitation; for I am almost dropping with fatigue.

Boy. My lord's house is just a' top of our hill.

Solomon. I must go to lord Alamode's to make inquiries about our housekeeper; but they have no family there now. I'll take you afterwards to my master's, where you will be treated *cummyfo*, as we say.

Henry. Oh! the very first place of rest.

Solomon. 'Tis but a few hundred yards, and the night is quite lunatick.

Henry. First let me take care of my little friend. Come, William, I must see you safe into your room.

Boy. Oh! I can get in easy enough.

Henry. Won't you let me help you? You have been ready enough to help me.

Boy. Yes, that you shall, if you like. Softly, though, for fear father should hear us again. Come along (*goes to the window*). Now for it (*gets in, and remains in sight*).

Henry (to Solomon). My good friend, give me that basket. God bless you! (*to the child.*)

Boy. Good b'ye!

Solomon (giving the basket). Here's a ham! A *jam-bong*, as we call it at Dunkirk.

Boy (to Henry). If you come this way again, I shall be very glad to see you.

Henry. And if I do come this way again, it shall go hard but I *will* see you. Good night, my sweet little fellow! (*kisses him.*)

Boy. Good night, I'll take care of the whistle (*goes in*).

Henry. Come, friend, come! [Exeunt.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Lord Alamode's House.*

Enter Mrs. GLASTONBURY and FANNY.

Fanny.

MY presence here arises entirely from mistake, believe me.

Mrs. Glaston. Well, well ; I take your word for it. —But that brute Bang did not lock me up by mistake, that's certain. You are the new housekeeper, you say, at the Manor-house.—You are prodigiously young, child, for the mysteries of so important an office.

Fanny. There is no mystery, I imagine, in being strictly honest to my employer.

Mrs. Glaston. Honest ! Fiddle faddle ! Can you raise paste, and make lemon-cheesecakes ? Do you know what is good for an inward bruise ? Have you studied the whole art of preserves, pickles, jellies, cakes, candies, dried-fruits, made-wines, cordials and distillery ?

Fanny. No, indeed.

Mrs. Glaston. I thought so : but, as you let me out of the closet, I owe you a return of favours.

Fanny. And I entreat your assistance, Madam, immediately.—Enable me at present to fly from this house.

Mrs. Glaston. Don't be alarm'd, young woman. Has that madman, my Lord has sent here, been rude to you ?

Fanny. Indeed he has ! By proposals which, however speciously worded, a virtuous woman bears with indignation.

Mrs. Glaston. Oh ! I wish he had been rude to me ! I would have given him such a look ! My looks freeze a libertine, they are reckon'd so very repelling.

Fanny. In this lone house, and in his power, I have nearly sunk with terror ; but the wine he has drank, which at first increased my fears, gave me an opportunity of escaping from his apartment.

Mrs. Glaston. And, in running along the gallery, you heard me calling help through the key-hole.

Enter CARRYDOT.

So, Mr. Carrydot ! Fine doings, truly !

Carrydot. What is the matter, Madam ?

Mrs. Glaston. Matter ! I have been made prisoner in my own china closet, by that beast of a game-keeper.

Carrydot. Bless me !

Mrs. Glaston. Bless you ? Bless me, if you go to that ! And while one ruffian has lock'd me up, t'other has made advances to her, which make every virtuous housekeeper tremble !

Enter ANDREW BANG, drunk.

Andrew. I say, old Carrydot, do you go and fetch coffee, for the Baronet.

Carrydot. Drunk as an owl ! How did you get in this sad condition ?

Andrew. Sad ? That be your mistake. I've been getting merry.

Mrs. Glaston. So, Sir, I am obliged to you for locking me up.

Andrew. Don't ye mention it.—You be kindly welcome, I do assure ye.

Carrydot. Answer me, you abominable!—How came you in this pickle?

Andrew. Mother Glastonbury forgot to lock up her cherry-bounce before I lock'd up she.

Mrs. Glaston. And you have drank it all?

Andrew. Damn the drop's left, as the Baronet said, e'en now, a'ter his third bottle o' claret.

Carrydot. His third! Why, I only sent up the third, because you told me the second was cork'd.

Andrew. So it ware then; but when I uncork'd it, he drank it. Miss, the Baronet do want you to pour out his coffee.

Fanny. I shall never—but I cannot give you an answer.

Andrew. Nor I you, hardly; so we be much of a muchness. (*A ring at the gate.*)

Carrydot. There's a ring at the court-gate.—Inquire who it is, if you can.

Andrew. Pooh! I'm sober enow, you'll see, and — (*Ring again.*)

Carrydot. Go to the gate.—Let me see that, you hog.

Andrew. I wool; but if you want to see a hog in a gate, you had best go to't yoursen wi' a looking-glass. [*Exit.*]

Fanny. And now, Sir, set me free, I beseech you.

Carrydot. Nay, nay, be advised.—I am unable, while matters are in this state, to leave the house myself to-night; and your venturing alone would be dangerous.—To-morrow, early, I will see you safe.—Rest easy, child, till then, under my care.

Fanny. Till to-morrow, then, to your care, though with a trembling heart, I confide myself.

Mrs. Glaston. Aye, aye, you needn't fear trusting yourself to him.—We have pass'd many a winter's evening together; and he's as harmless a man as any in Christendom, I'll answer for him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Hall at Lord Alamode's.*

ANDREW BANG *admitting* SOLOMON GUNDY *and*
HENRY.

Solomon. Thank you, Mr. Bang, for letting us in.
—*Mill-grass*, as we say at Dunkirk.

Andrew. You be kindly welcome, as we do say in Yorkshire.

Solomon. My business here — But, first, for this gentleman—he has just deliberated himself from the clutches of our incapable enemy, the French.

Andrew. The French!—How the dickens did he get here?

Henry. The usual mode of crossing from the Continent to an Island, is by sea, friend.

Solomon. Yes; he's just come off the *mer*.

Andrew. Cross the sea upon a *mare*!—Dang me! but that be a rum way coming over!

Henry. Permit a fatigued stranger to remain here till day-break, friend, and I shall be thankful.

Andrew. You be welcome to our arm-chair, Zur.
(*pointing to one.*)

Solomon. Hav' n't you, *par accidong*, such a thing in the house as a bed?

Andrew. Plenty i' the wash.—All ours, bating they in use, be pull'd down for cleaning.

Solomon. Nothing to eat?—A few eggs, perhaps, for a *hamlet*.

Andrew. I emptied my Lord's hen-roost at my dinner-time; for he do keep I upon board-wages.

Solomon. And—hem—I see you never have any thing to drink.

Andrew. Bless ye, ours be an unaccountable sober family.

Henry. A roof over my head is all I desire. (*throws himself in the chair.*)

Solomon. Now for my own business.—Come here, Mr. Bang—have you *wrong-counter'd* a refugee?

Andrew. Anan?

Solomon. I am looking for one that is not to be found.

Andrew. Who be it?

Solomon. A hapless female! wandering, benighted, through the *Beau-monde*, exposed to insults from the licentiate!

Andrew. Now just put that into English, will ye?

Solomon. The housekeeper's lost out of the stage-coach, who was to come to-day to the Manor-house.

Andrew. Is she, by golls!

Solomon. She is, *parblew*!—Have you seen any thing of her?

Andrew. I'll step and ax the Baronet.

Solomon. Ask a Baronet?

Andrew. Ees: we ha' gotten one come down to our house.

Solomon. Have you?—A *shevalleer*, as we call 'em at Dunkirk. But, can't you tell whether you've seen a young woman, without asking a Baronet?

Andrew. Na, sure.—Why, I shouldn't know when I'd seen a Baronet, himsen, if somebody didn't tell I what he ware.

Solomon. This man's almost a naturalist.

Andrew. Bide where you be—I'll be wi' ye in no time. So, there be a hue and cry a'ter Miss! I wonder where be the Baronet's conscience.—Dang me, if I tell a lie for him, about her, under five shillings!

[*Exit.*

Solomon. (*turning towards Henry*) The stranger is fast asleep.—Ah! how little the terraqueous landsman thinks on the hardships of the poor fatigued marine! (*a ring at the gate-bell.*)—Somebody *sonnys* the *clash*—Mr. Bang's busy, and I'll open the gate. Sir! (*jogging Henry.*)

Henry. Well, friend, why have you waked me?

Solomon. Only to tell you not to be disturb'd, if any body comes in. *[Exit.*

Henry. Why should I endeavour to repose, when I am tortured with such anxieties? Sleep descends upon the eye-lids of the happy, like Heaven's dew-drops on the earth, cool and refreshing; but the dozings of a disturb'd mind add listlessness to the fever'd limbs of the slumberer.

Re-enter SOLOMON GUNDY, escorting TORRENT and BARFORD.

Torr. But is she to be found?

Solomon. All my derogatories have been crown'd with disappointment.

Barf. No tidings!

Solomon. *Poing de too.*

Barf. 'Tis very unaccountable.

Torr. So it is:—but what would you have me do more? Isn't this almost the only house that we haven't search'd? What would you infer?

Barf. The inference, under all the circumstances, is, that as she is to be found in no other house, she may still be conceal'd in yours.

Torr. Zounds! Then, to convince yourself, spring a mine upon it with gunpowder; that will search every cranny. You'll blow up a hump-back'd cook, and a pimple-faced footman; but if you throw out a handsome housekeeper, I'll suffer the fate of Guy Fawkes.

Barf. One way or other my doubts must be satisfied. *[goes up the Stage.*

Torr. This comes of doing kindnesses; but if ever I am caught at another!—I'll harden myself against all manner of pity; I'll——Who's that asleep in the chair? *(Seeing Henry.)*

Solomon. A *maleroo*.

Torr. What the devil's that?

Solomon. An English seaman, lately inkarkrated in France, that wants a bed to lay down on.

Torr. Wants a bed! And who are the unfeeling scoundrels that let him lie there? Stay—He's waking. (*Henry rises.*) Young man, you are in need of help, they tell me—My house is close by, and I have bed, board, and lodging at your service.

Henry. To whom am I indebted for this kindness?

Torr. To one, who has just resolv'd to feel for nobody; but, curse me, if any thing could be more ill-timed to a man, beginning to be hard-hearted, than the sight of an English seaman in want of assistance.

Enter ANDREW BANG.

Torr. Who's this?

Solomon. My lord's gamekeeper—his *Gardy sash*, as the French say. Any news of the young woman, Mr. Bang?

Barf. (*starting up.*) What? we have still a chance here then?

Andrew. The Baronet do say he'll answer all questions himsen.

Barf. The Baronet?

Andrew. Ees, he be an old friend o' my Lord's; though he and I haven't been long intimate.

Barf. Let us see him immediately.

Torr. Let me see him first, by myself.

Barf. Why so?

Torr. I suppose you don't want to make a hubbub of inquiry; and as I am a neighbour, fixing in this country, the thing will be done more quiet and more proper.

Barf. Perhaps you may be right, Sir. I will wait for you here.

Torr. Conduct me to this Baronet directly.

Andrew. Mind how you do come through our

gallery, Zur. It be nation dark, and a'ter dinner, you mayn't be quite steady.

Torr. Solomon Gundy, come with me, or this drunken rascal will lead me into the cellar.

Solomon. *Voos avy rasong.* Besides, this building's very antick, and I darè say, full of rats. Mr. Bang, pray go first.

Andrew. A'ter you, if you please, Mr. Gundy.

Torr. Oh! confound you both! Get on, and shew me the way.

[*Drives them before him, and Exit.*]

Henry. Who is that gentleman, Sir, who has made me so hospitable an offer?

Barf. His name is Torrent.

Henry. Torrent! Had he a relation, who served several years ago, in an English regiment, in Jamaica?

Barf. (*with a movement of surprise*) Did you know any thing of such a relation?

Henry. I know he was a villain. He was guilty of the deepest treachery to a generous friend, and entail'd many a year of misery on that friend's penitent wife, whom he had seduced from her duties.

Barf. Was she penitent? Are you certain, Sir, of that circumstance?

Henry. Remorse preyed upon her lovely frame, and sunk her to the grave: and, as the head of the poor dying soul reclined on the bosom of her daughter, she fervently bless'd her husband, and implored Heaven's and his forgiveness.

Barf. Did—did you witness this distressing scene, Sir?

Henry. Yes; had the husband been present, I think the sense of his wrongs would have yielded to his pity, and he would have pardon'd her.

Barf. The sight would have wrung his heart. The thoughts of former mutual affection, in her bloom of innocence, might have rush'd upon his mind, while he beheld her agony; and forced him

to obey the mild precept of divine mercy, when crime is expiated by repentance.

Henry. Did you know her husband, Captain Delamere?

Barf. I....I was acquainted with him, Sir.

Henry. Can you inform me if he be still alive?

Barf. Why do you inquire?

Henry. To little purpose, perhaps, at this moment. Six months ago I had a treasure of his in my care to restore to him.

Barf. What was it, Sir?

Henry. His daughter.

Barf. His daughter! Then 'twas to you she was consign'd, by her dying mother, as your intended wife?

Henry. How came that to your knowledge?

Barf. You may be inform'd hereafter. But the instant you arrived with her in London, you abandon'd her.

Henry. I would sooner have abandon'd life.

Barf. If you betray'd her innocence; if, with the smile of protection, you lured her to infamy, and then left her to famine; your life, Sir, must be answerable to her father, on your first encounter with him. Suppose I were intimate with Delamere? Suppose I felt as warmly for his interests as my own?

Henry. You might then inform him (it would be my duty, could I discover him) that on our arrival in London, as I left her at our inn, to seek for her an humble, but proper, habitation, I was hurried on board a vessel, sent into action, immured afterwards in French prisons, whence I have escaped to England, in the anxious hope that I may recover and again protect her.

Barf. But was not a father's consent necessary to your union?

Henry. 'Twas my ardent wish to obtain it; but where was I to find him? In such a case, had he

re-appear'd, a father's anger would not have fallen upon us, when I had married his friendless daughter, that I might afford her an honourable claim to share the humble income my professional pursuits might obtain for me in England.

Barf. Take his consent, young man; take the gratitude of an unhappy husband, for soothing the last moments of a deluded, heart-broken wife. Accept the tears of a father for the protection you have given to his child.

Henry. Her father! Are you, then, Sir —?

Barf. Yes, yes; say no more now. Spare me.—The heart that has been so long torpid in the sullenness of misfortune, can scarcely bear this aching surprise of the affections.

Henry. But have you intelligence, Sir, concerning her?

Barf. I have. A letter, which she writ to Mr. Torrent, who has just left us, gave me this morning much of her history.

Henry. Can we trace her?

Barf. Perhaps we may; but I fear some treachery, even from the person who ostensibly protects her—this Torrent—'tis a hateful name! Come with me further into this house,—we must search every angle of it.

Henry. Rely on my activity.

Barf. Oh, young man! You are beginning to wake me from dreams of gloom, which I fear I have too much encouraged. Misfortunes have made me hate the world; but afflictions are the test of religious patience, and repining is impious, when Providence has ever so many unforeseen blessings in store for us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.—*An Apartment in Lord
Alamode's House.*

Enter Sir LARRY MAC MURRAGH and TORRENT.

Torr. But, Sir, you won't tell me whether you do or don't know any thing of her.

Sir Larry. That all comes of my having had my claret.

Torr. Had you claret?

Sir Larry. A man of fashion, you know, never bothers his head after dinner about business, without 'tis gaming.

Torr. But, zounds, Sir, here's a beautiful girl lost; the whole country is running after her.

Sir Larry. Then, upon my conscience, the whole country has a deal of taste.

Torr. I can't tell what to make of this buck! He seems half tipsy; and he either knows nothing about her, or too much. I'll at him again. Sir, my house-keeper, I tell you, was lost almost close to my park pales, this morning.

Sir Larry. You'd have hinder'd that, if you'd just done as I did, a week ago.

Torr. What was that, Sir?

Sir Larry. I lost my park itself, and every pale and stick about the good-looking premises.

Torr. Nay, Sir, truce with trifling. She is a poor young handsome creature, who—

Sir Larry. Yes, I understand—She advertised, you told me.

Torr. Yes; she was among the numerous children of misfortune, who wanted comfort.

Sir Larry. Och! 'faith, there's no small lot of handsome ladies to be comforted, if a man gives his mind to pity. Quite a beauty, you say!

Torr. So they tell me; and her distresses, of course, must interest me.

Sir Larry. Aye, humanity, and charity, and all that. A retired citizen, you know, must be decorous.

Torr. A retired citizen !

Sir Larry. Snug, you know.

Torr. Damn snug ! I can't tell what you mean. If humanity and charity be decorous in a retired citizen, his *decorum* is only what it was before he *did* retire. Look at the commercial names that swell every list of national subscriptions, and then tell me whether men of the highest rank do not acknowledge, with pleasure, the merchant's kindred ardour in the country's welfare.

Sir Larry. Long life and prosperity to the city, Sir ! say I. But, take my advice as a friend,—don't be coming out, at moon-shine, after distress'd young creatures, or, upon my soul, you'll bring a scandal upon the corporation.

Torr. I come out after—— Sir, my character has bid defiance to scandal these forty years.

Sir Larry. That's a mighty long provocation.

Torr. Zounds ! Sir, you'd provoke a parson.

Sir Larry. Then you may keep cool till you take orders, you know.

Enter HENRY.

Henry. You must pardon my abrupt entrance, Sir, for I have pressing business.

Sir Larry. Oh, murder ! I see how it is.

Henry. In which business I have a friend in the house who is jointly concern'd.

Sir Larry. The game's up : tell me at whose suit, you divel, at once.

Henry. Suit !

Torr. Eh ! the young seaman I left just now in the hall.

Henry. There is a servant in this house, Sir, from whom I have gather'd (thanks to his intoxication) that a female arrived here this morning on whom you have basely impos'd, and who —

Sir Larry. Asy one moment, if you please, Sir. We always take matters cool in Ireland, when it looks like a bit of a quarrel. May you chance to know who I am, Sir?

Henry. A Baronet, whose appellation, the servant tells me, 'tis very hard to remember. I congratulate you on this difficulty, which, should your exploits be publish'd, may prevent your name from being coupled with your transactions.

Sir Larry. It's my notion, one day, I'll print my memoirs myself, Sir, and set my hand and seal to the back of 'em. Such a work, you know, must be address'd to the most impudent person born; and I hope you'll allow me the pleasure to write you a dedication.

Henry. In the mean time, Sir, I have every reason to suppose that the female I have mention'd is still in this house: but the building is intricate. My friend is searching it on one side; I on the other. I have luckily stumbled on your apartments, and insist upon your immediately producing the person we seek, or giving me a strict account of your conduct.

Sir Larry. That same *insist* is rather an awkward bit of an expression. Indulge me, Sir, in a trifling question: May you, by any chance, just happen to be a gentleman?

Henry. Birth and education give me a claim to that character. And I have never forfeited my title by practising fraud on an unprotected woman.

Sir Larry. That's quite enough.—Mr. Bang! (calling.)

Bang. (without) Zur.

Sir Larry. Bring in my pistols, and make haste with the coffee.

Enter ANDREW BANG with coffee and pistols.

Torr. I won't have any fighting.

Sir Larry. Don't you meddle, you old Cheapside—Sure we must have all in readiness, providing that gentleman don't think proper to make me a small matter of apology.

Andrew. There be the coffee, Sir Larry, smoking hot.

Sir Larry. Set it down on the table, and take out, in your arms, that little old gentleman.

Andrew. Where be I to carry un to, Zur?

Torr. If any body dare to—

Sir Larry. Fie upon you! Keep the peace! I am wishing to shew you all manner of respect: So, till this business is over (which it is not decent for you to see), what part of the house will we bind you over to?

Andrew. There be plenty o' room for him in our hen-house.

Sir Larry. Then, by the powers, I'll send him to the Poultry.

Torr. Gentlemen, you think the game is in your own hands!—But I shall not suffer you to commit murder.

Solomon Gundy (without). Murder!

Sir Larry. Sure that's an echo!

Torr. Then you've brought it with you from Ireland; for 't is as different from the reverberation of sound, as a cart-load of iron bars and an opera singer.

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Solomon Gundy! What the devil's the matter with you now?

Solomon. There's a tame goat in the gallery.—

Torr. Well?

Solomon. As I was imploring, in the dark, through the intrikasies of this *chateau*, he butted me down as flat as a *six-liver-piece*.

Enter BARFORD.

Barf. This way the light directs me;—and I—

Sir Larry. 'Faith, now, and here's another.—Is it a lady you are asking after, or are you running away from a goat in the gallery?

Barf. It is a lady, Sir, I am seeking.

Sir Larry. I'm just going to give this gentleman an explanation of the whole affair in one word.

Barf. What is that one word, Sir?

Sir Larry. Pop—A long Irish phrase, that stands for the English monosyllable, satisfaction.

Torr. No, you don't.—Come here, you drunken gamekeeping rascal!—There are two pistols—take them away;—there's a guinea,—and now, go to the devil.

Andrew. A guinea! I'd better go to the ale-house. *[Exit.*

Barf. (to *Sir Larry*) I conceive, Sir, you are possess'd of some intelligence of the person whom we are anxious to discover.

Henry. I am convinced he is.

Torr. So am I.

Barf. Are you a father, Sir?

Sir Larry. Upon my soul, Sir, that's a mighty difficult question to answer.

Barf. Levity apart, Sir, I am the father of the young person for whom we anxiously inquire. If you have any thing to disclose relative to my daughter, let me invoke your humanity, rather than suspect your subterfuge.

Sir Larry. This is the case, Sir, you see. Does

an Irishman like a pretty woman? Sure, Sir, he does; but when he's bullied by a wicked advertising alderman, on one side of him; and a man in trousers on the other, damn the bit of answer will he give.—I—Give me your hand, Sir—there's no standing a father's asking for his child. Sir, I'm a gentleman, a little wild, perhaps. But upon my honour and conscience, she's safe; and dam'me if an Irish gentleman will ever do a dirty action!

Barf. But, is my daughter in this house?

Sir Larry. Hollo there, ask old Carrydot where's the young lady?

Enter JONATHAN OLDSKIRT conducting FANNY.

Oldsk. I've got her! I've got her! I've got her!—I've hunted all the neighbourhood, and, burn all my remnants, rather than not find her.

Fanny (to Oldskirt). Under your protection, Sir, I venture again into this gentleman's apartment;—but whom else I am to meet, I—Henry! Ah!—

Henry (runs to her). You encounter none but friends.

Fanny. Whither have you—

Henry. Cease,—cease to inquire now—my heart is too full; but here is one who claims every immediate attention.

Barf. (singles her out, and brings her forward). You—'tis fifteen years since you were torn from me, in—I mean, young lady, that I—Oh God! my child! my child! (*falls on her neck.*)

Fanny. My father!

Torr. Tol de riddle lol! lol, &c. Whoever says I am hasty in charity, I'll kick him—Heartly may lecture as much as he pleases; but I'd rather hire twenty housekeepers, who would let my jellies turn mouldy, than lose the chance of this meeting. I'll make you all happy—I perceive you two are inclined to be very

happy together (*pointing to Henry and Fanny*), and I owe it in justice, Sir, to you, (*to Barford*) to take care of their fortunes, if you 'll permit me.

Barf. I begin not to be quite so fastidious relative to obligations as I have been, Sir; but, still, I dislike favours.

Torr. Well, well, we'll talk over all that. Master Oldskirt, you are a worthy fellow for taking care of this poor girl, and I must take care of you. As for you, Solomon Gundy, I suppose I must portion you off with the daughter of the Spread Eagle, and be pester'd with your brats and jabber in my house, to the last hour of my life.

Solomon. See voo play, as we say at Dunkirk—But I'm full of thankfulness and remorse.

Torr. (*to Sir Larry*) As for you, Sir—

Sir Larry. Make yourself easy on my account, old gentleman. You seem a worthy person, and I'm sorry I've afforded you any kind of offence. But as I didn't know the case of this mighty pretty couple, the lady will forgive all errors, and I'll look over the small words, that happen'd to slide out of a wrong corner of that young gentleman's mouth.

Torr. All must be forgotten that requires to be forgiven; and I will (if I can) try to convert my haste of charity, into (what Heartly calls) thinking benevolence.

Barf. And I, Mr. Torrent, must endeavour to convert my mistaken tendency to misanthropy, into a fair appreciation of mankind. To be sour'd with the world by the treachery of a few, is judging millions by individuals. Men were born to endure; but half the measure of our grief depends upon our own sentiments.—And, gloomy as my thoughts have been, my anxious wish now is, to observe all around me indicating a light heart, and a good-humour'd countenance.

END OF THE PLAY.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. T. DIBDIN.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

OUR author, gentles, like a simple ninny,
Has sent me to inquire, Who wants a Guinea?
Who? Why, Lord, every body does, or may do:
I do, thou dost, he does, we, ye, and they do.

Observe that dashing youth, who looks so big,
Close to the lady in the Roscius wig;
That he wants Cash, it isn't to be wonder'd:
He shakes his elbow, and—No, there I blunder'd,
He doesn't want one guinea, but *five hundred*.
Well, give him those, he'd want ten thousand more:
The luckiest gamester *is*, and *will be* poor.
That placid gentleman, with face so round,
Is worth, *almost*, one hundred thousand pound;
And, though with ev'ry gale his riches come,
He wants a guinea, till he's worth a plum.
That once complete, such liberal acts he'll do,—
He'll never rest till he has made it two;
While, sitting by his side, his duteous wife
Won't own she wants a guinea, for her life.
He better knows than trust our sex with gold,
It, therefore, costs him interest twice told;
For she, when prest by pleasure, or a dun,
Borrows, and Spousy pays it *two for one*.

Seated behind there, only take a peep,
At yonder punchy gentleman asleep ;
Ask him who wants a guinea, he replies,
We want not only gold, but ears and eyes.
That nothing is of sterling weight, that's poz,
And every excellence consists in *was* ;
That even guineas, in our odious time,
Are sadly chang'd since he was in his prime.

Ye, gentle friends, who think it little use,
To mend abuses only by abuse ;
Should you, in our Dramatick Mine, deplore
Some small deficiency of sterling ore :
Should we prove light, perhaps you'll kindly say,
Who wants a guinea, seldom stops to weigh :
Take, then, our offer'd coin, and, where we fail
Of standard worth, put *Mercy* in the Scale.

Colman, George

Who wants a guinea? a comedy, in five acts, as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden ; first acted April 18, 1805

London 1805

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